OUT AT SEA;

OR,

FROM BOSTON TO CEYLON.

BY EMMA.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

Ocean Life, with its sights and sounds, its lights and shades, its wonders and its teachings, our readers will find portrayed in "*Out at Sea*" by a graceful and truthful pen. The long voyage from America to South India and thence to the Island of Ceylon, made, not in imagination but in fact, furnishes full material for introducing to us the Ocean in all of its many moods of storm and calm, whilst the incidents of the voyage supply teachings that will not be lost upon the thoughtful voyager upon the Sea of Life.

J. W. D.

OUT AT SEA.

I.

THE GLEN.

ONE warm afternoon in June, Mrs. Raymond stood at the front door of her quiet country home, looking out upon the pleasant scene. The heavy shower, which fell two days before, aided by two days of brilliant sunshine that followed, had made every green thing lift up its head and look fresh and vigorous, and had also brought out a multitude of flowers.

A group of merry children were jumping about under the cherry-tree, pleased to find that the warm sun had

ripened a few cherries; and now they came, each with a handful, to ask their mother if she thought them fit to eat.

"See, mother," said Emma, a bright, intelligent girl of fourteen years, "how well the garden looks, and the fields. Everything is growing finely. The king-lilies in the center of that oval bed look as proud as queens, and the white columbines, and gilly-flowers, and dear little Scotch roses and pansies stand round her like maids of honor, gayly dressed, but lowly."

"And look, mother," said Alice, a child of twelve years, with a less attractive but more thoughtful face, "at that field of grass, so fresh and green, and gay with buttercups and daisies. I think God has made things very beautiful for us."

Clarence and Frank, little boys of

eight and six, had been quite engrossed with their cherries; but, having finished them, they joined their mother and sisters on the piazza, and stretched their little necks to see what pleasant objects they might descry to entitle their voices to a hearing.

"Mother dear," said Clarence, moved by the feeling which often moves older people as well as children, that something a little out of sight or out of reach must be much finer that that which is at hand, "I think it must be pleasant down at the further side of that daisy field. I often try to see down to the bottom of it, but I can't. I climbed the piazza-post the other day after the shower, and tried and tried to see the other fence, for I know there must be another somewhere."

"How do you know, Clarence," said Frank, who, though younger, sometimes thought he had more sagacity than his brother, "how do you know but that field runs 'way on, ever so far, and then goes into a wood? Don't you see the tops of those trees? Then is there not a wood there?"

Clarence was the boy to go and look at everything he wished to know, and, if it was a small thing, to turn it over, feel it, measure it, and make himself sure of all the facts in the case. Frank made a calculation in his mind of what and how a thing was likely to be, and sometimes reached a right conclusion quicker than Clarence, but was not so certain always to be right.

"Pooh! Frank; you are young yet, my boy. Don't you know that everybody fences his ground all around?

If there's a wood then there may be a fence in the wood, or the other side of the wood, or somewhere. There is Uncle Henry's lot. I tried, the other day, to find the end of it, and I had to go over the brook and through the apple-orchard, and then I found it. There is an end to everything, as far as I know, isn't there, mother?"

"Everything but little children's chat, I suppose," said his mamma, caressing him.

The mother waited for the boys to finish their talk about the fence; for, though she never allowed them to make a noise about nothing and interrupt older people's conversation, yet, when only herself and their sisters were present, and she saw that they really had some thoughts which, to their young minds, seemed of conse-

quence, she loved to hear them reason kindly together and exercise the faculties God had given them.

"I dare say it is very pleasant out there, Clarence," said Mrs. Raymond, when they paused, "though not more so, perhaps, than the view from this spot. Here we can see to a great distance. The daisy-field in front of us, across the road, descends over a steep slope into the ravine where the trees grow, whose tops you can just see beyond the field. Beyond them you see another long line of hillside, with fine old trees along its summit; and over all appear the far-off mountains, with their sides covered with woods, fields and villages. This is a fine prospect. At the further end of the daisy-field you would find you could see but a little way. Still I pre-

sume there are many pleasant nooks and shady walks in that ravine, and I hope we may sometime go and explore it with you. But, Clarence dear, let us make the most of what is within our reach, enjoy that, and not think that something else would be better."

"Don't you think it would be a fine afternoon for a walk, mamma?" said Emma.

"And to take our sewing and sit in the glen?" added Alice, inquiringly.

"I think we may not have a better chance," replied her mother. "It is really a lovely day, and the ground must be quite dry by this time."

"Mother, you have often promised to tell us about your voyage to India. Will you not do so this afternoon?" asked Emma.

"I should like nothing better. Get

your bonnets and shawls and your sewing."

"Thank you, dear mother," said Alice.

"May we go too, mother?" asked Clarence. "I should like to hear."

"And I too," added Frank. "We will be still as mice."

"Still as squirrels,—that will do. Frisk about if you will, but don't make a noise."

In a few minutes all were prepared to set off. Clarence noticed that Frank had thought of something with which to amuse himself. In his hand was a paper windmill, whose movements he was never weary of watching.

"Clarence dear, why don't you take your thread and pins, with which I taught you to weave tattin?" asked Alice.

"Oh, I will! I will! I can listen a great deal better when I've something in my hands to do. And I need not work if I've not a mind to, so it's only play, then."

He ran and quickly brought his simple tools.

They took the highway for a fourth of a mile, and then turned into a cross-road, which led among the hills and woods. Clarence sometimes took his mother's hand, and sometimes ran and walked beside his sisters, and sometimes borrowed the windmill from Frank, who would then take his turn at his mother's or sister's side.

"Mother," said Alice, "you have told us a little about India; but what I have heard only makes me wish to hear more, and you always say that

sometime we shall have a long talk about it."

"I hope, my dear, that this summer we shall have many opportunities to sit and sew and talk together. I have long wished to tell you many things, and used, when you were quite small, to look forward to the time when you would both be old enough to listen with interest. But since then I have been so much occupied that I began to think that scenes and events, which passed so long ago, would slip from my memory before I could reïmpress them by reviewing them. I feel that it ought not to be quite lost to my children that I once crossed the mighty ocean to almost the remotest parts of the globe, and spent ten years of my life among a people of a strange relig-

ion, and of practices and a character widely different from our own.

"I am sure," said Alice, "we are always delighted to hear you, dear mother."

"I don't know anything more pleasant, mother," added Emma, "than to sit by you with our sewing, and listen to you."

"We will try, my children, to come out at least once a week to this little valley, or to some other out-door retreat; and there will, I think, be two or three other days in the week when we can sit in the arbor or on the piazza, or, if the weather forbids this, within doors, and spend some time in that way."

"I hope we may," said Alice.

"That will be very pleasant," added Emma.

They were walking down hill as they talked, and had now reached a place where a hill, which bounded the meadow on their left, drew near to the road. From that point the hill swept round in a semicircle, the road running round at its base. The top of the hill was smooth and round, and its steep sides were covered thinly with trees and thrifty brushwood, in their young summer foliage. The brook, which for some distance threaded its way between the road and the hillside, playing with the pebbles that tumbled from either, at length suddenly darted under a small bridge to the other side of the road, and, leaping down the bank, began to gambol through the pretty valley on their right. This spot looked as though it were made

on purpose for a play-ground for children. Another hill enclosed the further side of it and met the circular one.

The ground was nearly level at the bottom of the little semicircular valley, yet descending slightly toward where the road disappeared, and was varied by many slight elevations and depressions, some rough and rocky, others smooth and grassy. The straight hill was covered from top to bottom with a rich forest, in which old red, black and white oak, hickory and black walnut, maple and chestnut-trees, vied with each other in urging their way skyward, and birch and dogwood contented themselves with looking up toward the heads of their mightier associates. Enough large trees were scattered over the ground below to furnish shady retreats, still leaving

sufficient access for the sun to keep the earth dry and make the scene cheerful in sunny weather.

When they reached this spot our little party stopped awhile to watch the movements of the brook. Looking from the road over a bank of a few feet that enclosed the curved side of the glen, they saw it run along for awhile at the foot of the bank, as though it thought it might escape in the same direction in which it entered. Soon, foiled in this, it made a bold rush across quite to the foot of the opposite hill. Here, finding itself effectually hemmed in, it turned and wandered leisurely here and there, as if in love with the place, and half determined never to run out of it, yet ever tending by many a circuit, many a graceful bend, toward the lowest part of the

glen, where the old straight hill held back to give it passage.

After amusing themselves awhile with the whimsical flow of the stream, Mrs. Raymond and the children hasted down where the bank sloped gently, and took their seat on an elevation which was shaded by three large maple-trees, that shot up their long trunks from one root, and where a few saplings screened them from the view of any one who might be passing on the road. The brook was not very near them, but they saw one of its pretty bends some distance on, and heard the plash of a little cascade over which it tumbled.

II.

SEA SIGHTS.

Mrs. Raymond, Emma and Alice took out their work, and giving Clarence and Frank leave to run about or sit down near them, where and as they pleased, only not to leave the glen, Mrs. Raymond said, "I am at a loss, my daughters, where to begin my story."

"I want first to know, mother," said Emma, "what could ever put it into your head to leave this beautiful country and go so far away."

"My child, that question carries me far back, but I think I can answer you in a few words. When I was

quite a child, only fourteen years of age, I had been for some time afraid lest I should die before securing an interest in the Saviour of sinners. This fear made everything in the world lose its value, and made me feel that nothing was of any account but the salvation of the soul.

"While in this state of mind I heard a sermon from the Rev. George Whiting on the subject of missions. He showed the wretched condition of the heathen without a knowledge of Jesus, and the privilege and duty of carrying to them the 'glad tidings.' I forgot myself for the time, and thought that to communicate the news of a Saviour to the heathen was better worth living for than anything else.

"After the service Mr. Whiting spoke with me about my own state,

and told me that Christ was willing at that moment to receive me and become my Saviour. Doubtless I had heard this before, but now it seemed to me true, and I was happy. The fear that for weeks had harassed me was gone. God's earth appeared to me delightful. Everything seemed to tell of his love for us. From that time, whenever the subject of the heathen was brought to my mind, I felt the impression made by that sermon renewed, and thought the pleasantest thing in the world would be to assist in making known Christ and salvation to the heathen."

"But, mother," said Emma, "there are plenty of people in this country who do not seem to think at all about the Saviour, if they have heard of him, and many too, I have heard it said,

who never have heard of the way to heaven. I should think you could have done just as much good by telling them."

"There are in this country, my dear, comparatively few but know something about the way of salvation, and might know more if they would. The case of the heathen, who cannot possibly know of what Christ has done for us unless Christians go to tell them, appeals more strongly to our hearts. Besides, the command, 'Go ye into all the world,' seems to require of some Christians that they should leave their homes and go to remote regions; and those who can and have an opportunity should be willing to go."

"But, mother," asked Alice, "don't you think that any one who really care to have people go to heaven will

try to do all the good they can to everybody they meet?"

"Those who have the spirit of Christ, my daughter, will try to do all in their power for the good of others, but, most of all, will they try to help others to heaven."

"Mother, how long does it take to go to India?" asked Frank, who had kept his seat very quietly, while Clarence sometimes remained within hearing, and sometimes drove Frank's windmill as he ran along the bank of the stream.

"The voyage is about fifteen thousand miles, and is made by a sailing ship in four months. Madras, which was our first landing-place, is in southern India. It is the capital of the Madras Presidency, which includes the southern portion of Hindoostan, having the

bay of Bengal on the east and the Arabian sea on the west."

"How could you stay so long on the water?" asked Emma. "I should think you would have been tired out."

"I will tell you, my dear. In the first place I felt that I was in the way of my duty, that I was where my Saviour would have me. That gave me a feeling of satisfaction.

"Next I considered that the voyage was probably the only opportunity I should ever have for learning a variety of important lessons. I might learn how to make myself as comfortable as possible when confined in narrow limits, how to annoy others as little as possible when shut up in close contact with them, how to accomplish as much as possible in unfavorable circumstances on ship-board, to

meet a storm with trust in God, to bear a calm with patience. There was an opportunity to observe the structure of a ship and its parts, to watch the processes of conducting it in fair wind, head wind, squall, gale and calm, to watch the motions of the heavenly bodies. In these and other ways I proposed to myself to endeavor to turn the voyage to account.

"I supposed we should be four or five months in reaching India, and that to go through one hundred and twenty days, each day wishing that this were the hundred and twentieth, or acting as though we could hasten the ship by the chafing of our own mind, would be senseless. I knew we must have some storms, some calms, some fair winds, some head winds, some heat, some cold, and that if, when

the wind was ahead, I wished it were fair, and when it was fair I said, 'What a pity we cannot go faster,' and, when it rose to a gale, said, 'This is terrific, I wish it were over,' and when it grew calm, 'Ah, me! we don't make any progress,' and when it was cold, 'Oh, for warmer weather!' and when it was warm, 'Oh, for a breath of cool air!' I should only make myself and others miserable. 'I will try,' thought I, 'to meet all the incidents of the voyage in such a temper that I shall be better prepared for the duties which will devolve on me, and the ills which may befall me, when it is passed.'"

"Yet so long a voyage must have been very tedious. Could you see nothing but sky and water?" asked Emma.

"Though we could see, much of the

time, nothing but sea and sky, yet the longer our attention was confined to those objects, the more capable they seemed of giving us pleasure. We found continually some charm with which we had not before been impressed, some feature of beauty we had never before noticed. All the changing hues of the sky, all the diversified forms and combinations of cloud, all the shifting attitudes and varying colors of ocean awakened untiring interest."

"That would do very well for a few days or weeks," said Emma, "but when it came to months!"

"The same dearth of objects, which gave new interest to the few that remained to us, made us all give more attention to and derive more pleasure from such other objects and incidents as were occasionally brought to our

notice. A rare bird flying about the ship was sufficient to attract all the sage men and women of our company from whatever business engaged them at the time, to watch its movements and habits.

"A fish in our wake would keep us for hours, perhaps, absorbed, first with its form, color and motions, then its mode of seizing and eating what was thrown from the ship to feed it, then the arrangements for its capture, then the hoisting of it on deck, then its structure and adaptations. The report of a ship in sight would draw us all, in a moment, to the deck, and entertain us with watching its approach, its condition, ascertaining its kind, its course, calculating the probabilities of speaking it, etc."

"What can that mean, mother—

'speaking a ship?' Can a ship hear?" asked Frank.

"No, dear; but the men on board of it can; and 'to speak a ship' is only a sailor's way of saying that the officers of one ship speak to the officers of another ship. This is a great event at sea. Though in New York harbor, or anywhere else near the land, little would be thought of a man on one vessel hallooing to a man on another, yet, in mid-ocean, where the seamen and passengers have been for weeks or months without communicating with friends or hearing a word from any part of the world outside the planks that enclose them, it is an occurrence that does not fail to interest every one on board, from the commander to the humblest sailor-boy.

"The first thought is, 'may-be we

shall hear from home,' and from the time she first shows a speck on the far-off horizon, till she comes within hailing distance, her progress is watched, sometimes for days together, with great interest. Of the ships that come in sight, many sail awhile just on the horizon, and after a few hours disappear. Many traverse the field of vision for hours, perhaps days, without ever coming near enough for you to know what flag they carry."

Clarence, who was near enough to hear the word flag, here broke in with his first inquiry,—"What do they carry a flag for, mother?"

"To show what country they came from, my darling."

"I thought," said Clarence, "nobody could see them, when they were out at sea, only the fishes and the stars."

"You forgct the birds, Clarence," said Alice. "There are a good many birds out at sea."

"Much of the time no one can see them but God. But sometimes as many as a dozen ships, or even more, are in sight at once. Whenever one comes so near that there is a prospect of speaking, it makes a great bustle on board. Perhaps the captain will say, 'That is an American vessel, homeward bound.' He can tell so much by her flag and her build, and the course she takes. Then all on board who have letters partly written go to their portfolios and scribble a few closing lines, send loving messages, seal their letters, and hasten on deck to see them despatched in case of an opportunity.

"The ship, which at first appeared

a little speck against the distant sky, gradually comes nearer, and looks larger and larger, till it is almost side by side with your own, and looks as though one dash of a wave might knock the top of its towering mast against the top of yours, and shiver both to pieces. But the mighty things are held by the skill of their commanders, applying the forces which God has put at their control, as two powerful horses are reined in and held quiet while the horsemen converse with each other. Now every one on board almost holds his breath. Silence reigns, till the captain, putting his speaking-trumpet to his mouth, exchanges with the captain of the other ship a few words of salutation, inquiry and reply. If the ship is going toward our home and the sea quiet enough to

allow it, we despatch a small boat with letters, and give them into the care of some person on the other ship, and we all resume our occupations, feeling as though we had been talking with our friends."

"Mother," said Alice, "you speak of 'occupations.' I thought people at sea did nothing but lounge about and try to make themselves comfortable."

"In short voyages we cannot usually do much more than that, as, for the first few days at sea, one is commonly sea-sick, and, for a longer time, the motion of the ship necessarily takes the attention. But, after that, most persons are able to read and write, some, to execute sewing and other mechanical tasks.

"Devoting regular hours each day to such pursuits gives a home-like

feeling, and lessens the tedium of sea-life."

Clarence had been down to the cascade to try what effect the current of air produced by the rush of water would have on the windmill, but, just now bethinking himself of what Alice had said about birds, he ran up to the group and said, "Mother, are there birds out at sea? Alice says there are. Did you see any?"

"Yes, my son, I saw several kinds of birds at sea. I will tell you of one kind of bird, which we saw repeatedly, the albatross. It is an immense bird, measuring about eleven feet from tip to tip of the outstretched wings. We saw many of these. Sometimes one would appear in the morning and give us a good opportunity to watch it. Though so large, it would sometimes

fly high enough to be hid by the clouds. It would keep along with the ship for hours, and not merely keep up with it, but sweep great circles round and round overhead, perhaps of miles in circumference, when the ship was sailing at the rate of ten miles an hour, and all with such an air of quietude that you wonder how the force is exerted that propels him.

"I can think of nothing in movement more admirable than the powerful, yet graceful flight of this bird. You would think it prided itself in showing us this quality. It would fly swiftly far ahead of us, till we began to think we should lose sight of it entirely in the distance, when it would return and retrace its course, gliding gently far away in our rear. Soon again it would turn, and, urging its strong wings,

sweep round to leeward of us, and, again crossing our path and cleaving the blast, bear away to windward. I see it now—though twenty years have passed—that rapid, quiet flight, those great smooth curves traced on the dark blue sky. One day the mate threw out a hook baited with pork and caught one of these noble creatures and brought it on board. It stood about as high as you do, Clarence, or perhaps its beak would reach just high enough to kiss you. It was mostly white, with dark lead-colored feathers at the end of the wings and across the back. The head, however, was brown."

"What was done with it, mother?" asked Frank. "They would not kill it, would they?"

"It was left to the ladies on board to decide what should be done with

the bird. Different plans were suggested and discussed, and it was at length decided to carve the name of the ship and the date of the capture upon the beak of the bird and let it fly away, which was done. If ever it was caught again somebody would know who it was that caught it first. If not, there was no harm done to the splendid bird."

"Mother," said Clarence, looking full of some idea, "do you know what I think would be delightful?"

"Well, Clarence," said his mother.

"If I could just be tied on to the back of one of those albatrosses and take a ride. Why, mother, it would be just as safe as possible, if I only were tied on. You know they are very strong and perfectly at home up in the air, and there is no danger of

their tumbling, and there is nothing up there for them to hit against. It would be as much safer than horseback as can be. Wouldn't I course it up there?"

And he looked into the sky, and swung his head around as though he were describing with it the circle in which he fancied the albatross and he were careering.

Emma was shuddering, Alice was laughing, and Frank was trying to put in a word, but Clarence talked so earnestly he could get no chance to speak, until Clarence's head began to swim with the whirl it was taking.

"How would you get back?" said Frank at last, looking arch.

"Why, I thought," said Clarence; "I was thinking—I did not think but that the albatross stayed with the ship

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all the time. Didn't you say so, mother?"

"No, my squirrel," said Mrs. Raymond. "You listen sharply when you are listening, but you are either musing or running most of the time."

"I will sit down and listen now, mother. I'll give up my albatross race till I learn how far its home is from mine. I like this talk about birds. Please tell us something more."

"I will tell you why I felt a special wish to see an albatross before we met with one. Fourteen years before, when I was a little girl, younger than Frank is now, I received a present of a fan made of albatross' feathers. It was made for me on board ship by a very dear sister, a missionary to Ceylon, whom I never expected to see again, and sent to me from the other

side of the globe, and of course it was very precious."

"I wish I could see it, mother," said Alice.

"It has long ago disappeared. It is about forty years since that little fan was made, and it was frail. I cannot tell where it is now. For years it kept its place on our parlor table with two other small fans made by the same loved hand, one of which, a very little one, black and white, was made, I think, from the wing of a cape pigeon. I never parted with mine till I was preparing for my own voyage to India.

"A cape pigeon! a cape pigeon! that's a kind I never heard of," said Clarence. "I must tell Uncle James of that. He gets every kind of pigeon he ever hears of anywhere. Where do they come from?" said Frank.

"From the cape, I guess," said Alice.

"That's too far off," cried Clarence.

"The cape is not a great way off. Aunt Maria went there last summer to bathe," replied Frank.

"That isn't the cape—that's Cape May. The cape! the cape! why, it's what sailors go round when they go round the world," said Clarence.

To this Frank replied: "It does not make much difference where it is. If Uncle James hears of a new kind of pigeon, if it's ever so far off, he's bound to have it."

"The term 'the cape,'" said Mrs. Raymond, "has been used to designate the Cape of Good Hope, though it can be used of any cape, in whose neighborhood the speaker happens to be. The name, Cape Pigeon, was given in

those old times when it was a rare thing to sail beyond the Cape of Good Hope, not because the bird was found only in that vicinity, but because the notable mariner who accomplished that voyage always met with them as he traversed the ocean, when south of that Cape. They are a species of petrel."

"And what are they called petrels for, mother?" asked Alice.

"They are called petrels after the apostle Peter."

"Why, mother," said Emma, "you surprise me."

"I think that's rather funny," added Clarence.

"The petrel has a singular way of walking on the water, which very naturally brings to mind the thought of Peter walking on the water, and, see-

ing this, some one gave it the name peterel, which is now written petrel."

"I suppose," said Frank, "it flaps its wings, as the ostrich does, when it runs, to make it lighter and help it along. Did you see any of them, mother?"

"I do not know whether I saw the cape pigeon or not, but I saw many of another kind of Petrel, called the storm-petrel. These are, by sailors, more often called Mother Carey's chickens."

"Did Mother Carey's chickens walk on the water, too?" asked Frank.

"Yes, I suppose all the petrels walk on the water, judging by the name, and there are a great many varieties of them, and multitudes of them."

"But," said Clarence, "did you see them walk on the water, mother? I

should want to see a bird walking on the water myself, or have my mother see it, or somebody, before I should feel sure about it."

"Oh, yes, my dear, I saw them often. That is, I saw them skim along, their feet just touching the surface of the water and having the appearance of walking. I cannot say that they really trod the waves, though it looked so. Their feet threw up the spray as they flitted over the blue water, as our feet throw up the dust when we walk swiftly through an unpaved road."

"I think it was flying, only it flew so low as to touch the water. Don't you think so, mother?" asked Clarence.

"Suppose, now, they did fly just so low as to touch the water with their feet; would not that look like walking?" said Alice.

"Did they flap their wings?" asked Frank.

"I did not see them flap their wings when they moved over the surface of the water. Sometimes their wings were extended and sometimes they were closed."

"Closed? Were they? Then they must have walked," said Frank.

"Not so certain, Frank," remarked Emma. "They may have got an impulse first, as you do by running on the ice before you begin to slide, and then have closed their wings and moved on."

"They are called petrels because they have the appearance of walking on the water. My impression is that they do walk, or, rather, run on the water, but I cannot say certainly that I ever saw them do so."

"Well," said Clarence, "if they walk on the water, it is somehow with the help of their wings, I do not doubt, even if they do fold them down after they get started."

"Please, mother," said Alice, "tell us why they are called Mother Carey's chickens. It seems to me there's a great deal to be learned from names, sometimes, if we can only get at the meaning of them."

"That is true, my daughter; but in this case I fear we cannot get at the meaning. It is the sailor's name for them, and those on our ship, of whom I inquired, could not give me the reason for it. I presume there is an old legend, somewhere, which explains it, but I have not met with it yet."

"Mother," said Frank, "you use, once in awhile, a word that I do not

understand. Will you please tell me what a legend is?"

"Legend, dear, is a story of a long time ago, which accounts for something we meet with now. That is one meaning of it."

"One thing more, mother, about the petrel," said Alice. "Why are Mother Carey's chickens called the storm-petrel?"

"Because they are seen most in stormy weather. Almost anywhere at sea, if a storm is approaching, or, if it is already raging, you may expect to find numbers of these birds flying in the wake of the ship, or glancing over the crests of the waves, on either hand, reminding you, in their movements, of the swallow, though larger. Probably, when the sea is rough, the mollusks and other small marine ani-

mals, on which they feed, are brought to the surface, which makes them most active then, and it may be that the keel of the ship, ploughing through the waves, also throws them up to the surface, which leads them to follow in the ship's wake."

"Is there anything more to tell about them, mother?" asked Frank.

"I used to see them, sometimes, sitting on the water, and floating like a swan or duck. They appeared as much at home riding upon the waves in mid-ocean as the swans do in the ponds of the Central Park. It sometimes gave me a sort of home-feeling myself, just to see how contented these pretty petrels looked."

"I think," said Clarence, "we know all about the petrels now. Did you see any other birds, mother?"

"I saw something which you might have mistaken for a bird."

"What can that have been?" asked Frank.

"A flying-fish."

"A fish flying," said Emma, "may well look like a bird, for the body of a fish is shaped much like that of a bird flattened, and the tails are shaped much alike, and the scales overlap each other much like the tips of birds' feathers, and the backs of both are very often dark-colored, and the breasts light, and the fins have a resemblance to small wings, only they are differently situated, so that if they were used for wings, the fish would have to fly on his side."

"But the legs, Emma," said Frank; "fishes have nothing to answer to the bird's legs."

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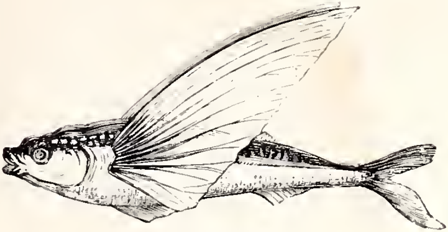

Flying-Fish.

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"No, but when birds fly, they draw up their legs often, so that you do not see much of them," she replied.

"Yes," said Clarence, "and I have seen swallows look just as though they were flying on their sides. So that I think with a little alteration, birds and fishes could be made to look a good deal alike."

"Doesn't it say in Genesis, mother," asked Emma, "that God commanded the waters to bring forth fowl abundantly, and that the waters did bring forth fowl abundantly?"

"Yes, my dear, I have sometimes thought of that when I have seen them careering all day over the ocean; some on the surface of the water, and some in the open firmament of heaven."

"But mother," said Clarence, "I

thought you had done with the birds, and were going to tell us about the fish that fly."

"These are very interesting to voyagers. They have a breast fin that is uncommonly large and flexible, and which they can extend sidewise. This they use with a very rapid motion like that of the humming-bird's wing. If you stand at the prow of a ship when passing where they abound, you will see a dozen of them at a time dart out from the water, glance along above the waves for a minute or less, and then disappear.

"The approach of the ship through the water startles them, and they fly then, probably in fright.

"Sometimes they fly out of the water to escape the larger fish that feed upon them. The poor things often escape

from their enemies in the water, only to be seized by equal enemies in the air; for there are birds too, that prey upon them, and seize the opportunity when they are flying, to snatch them. Sometimes they fly apparently for the mere pleasure of it. Sometimes they fly over a ship and descend to the water on the other side, and sometimes in attempting this gymnastic feat, they are caught in the rigging, or by striking against a rope or sail are precipitated upon deck."

"They should not be experimenting with apparatus they are not accustomed to," said Clarence.

"Poor things," said Frank, "couldn't you pick them up and drop them into the ocean again?"

"They would not live. They are not used to hard knocks, and can't endure

them, I imagine. They are considered a delicacy for food, and the cook calls them fair game when they are floored in that way."

"Mother," said Frank, "you have told us of birds that walk the sea, and of fishes that fly. What more fish stories can you tell us?"

"I think the next must be about a fish that isn't a fish. No one would doubt, on seeing a porpoise in the water, that it was a fish. Its form and its movement in the water are like those of a fish, but because it is warm-blooded, and requires common air to breathe, and for other reasons, it is not reckoned a fish by naturalists. It must come to the surface of the water to breathe the air, just as a man must, and if kept under the water it will be drowned, as it has lungs, not gills. So

the whales are not properly fish, but *mammals*, or warm-blooded animals living in the sea.

"The porpoise and grampus were formerly called dolphins; the fish now known as the dolphin is quite different, and is a proper fish, with gills, and cold blood, and living under the water.

"I used often to hear that a dolphin assumed all the colors of the rainbow, when dying. I found, however, that it changed color beautifully, when alive, and well, and happy in the water, varying from green to blue, and from blue to golden. When dying it may show these colors more vividly, but I did not see it at any time exhibit so many changes as some have stated. It is between four and five feet in length."

"I had no idea," remarked Emma,

"that the ocean contained so many objects of interest."

"It does indeed, and many more. But, my children, we must linger no longer. The sun has set, and your father will be waiting for his tea."

"I think," said Alice, "if we tell papa that we have been half way to India, he will excuse us if we are a little late."

III.

RAIN, GALES, AND FOGS.

THE next afternoon found our little party again assembled under the triple maple, prepared to pursue their chat about the voyage to India. Clarence had become so much interested in the conversation that he now seated himself at once, and set to work at his tatten, weaving as busily as any girl.

"Sister," said Frank, addressing Emma, "I wish I could do something. I do not think it's enough to have my ears work. My hands get restless."

"Brother," said Emma, "do you see the long smooth grass that grows about

those stones just where the brook winds almost into a circle? Bring me a good handful of the longest of it, and if you will break off the blades from the stalk, and lay them here on this handkerchief, I will teach you how to braid it; and when you have braided enough, you can make a little basket with it."

"That's it," said Frank. "Clarence, come help me, won't you? Mother, please not to begin till we come."

"Don't stop to strip it off till you get back; pull it the quickest way, and come," said Emma.

"We will wait," said Mrs. Raymond.

The ladies held a consultation over an article of dress that Mrs. Raymond was assisting Emma to make, and by the time they had arranged all to their mind, the boys had gathered their

double-hands full of tall grass, and laid it on the ground near their sisters, and commenced stripping the long, pliable leaves from the stalks, and placing them in a row along the handkerchief which Emma had spread to receive them. Frank watched for his mother and sister to finish their talk about their sewing, and then said,

"Mother, you said the other day that the ship sailed at the rate of 'ten knots' an hour. Will you tell me what that means?"

"Ten miles an hour."

"Then why not say ten miles?" he asked.

"The expression is taken from the instrument used in measuring the distance."

"I wonder," said Frank, "what kind of an instrument it is."

"It is a knotted cord, one end of which is wound upon a large hand-reel, and the other end attached to what is called a log. The log is a small bit of wood so shaped, and so balanced by a piece of lead, that it floats, and remains in the place where it is thrown in the water. As the ship passes on, the cord unwinds from the reel. The knots are made at such distances along the cord, as to show, by the number of knots run off in a certain time, how many miles are gone over in an hour."

"I do not quite understand about it," said Frank.

"Mamma," said Emma, "if we took a spool of cotton for a reel, and put a knitting-needle through it for

the axle, I think we could show him something about it. Clarence, will you bring me something for a log."

"Here," said Clarence, "is a stone to tie the end of the thread to, and that will do for a log. It is sharp, and I can drive it into the ground, so it won't float away, and I will be the ship with the reel aboard of me."

"Take hold," said Emma, "of the axle of the spool, *i. e.* the knitting-needle, and do not let the thread rub against you. Walk straight forward, till I speak to you. Mamma, please let me hold your watch a minute. Clarence, come now, bring the spool just as it is, don't let it unwind any."

Clarence walked just a minute.

"Now if I measure the cotton that reaches from where he stands to the log, that is, the stone which keeps the end

of the thread in the place where Clarence started from, can I not tell by that how far he has walked in a minute?"

"Yes," said Frank.

"Alice," said Emma, "the width of your apron is about a yard. Please hold it up for me to measure the thread by it. Just about thirty yards. Clarence must have walked about thirty yards in a minute."

"I see now," said Frank, "how they do it. But do they have a cord ten miles long, and are they an hour about it?"

"Oh, no, they do it in a half-minute."

"Oh! mother," exclaimed Alice.

"A minute you know is the sixtieth part of an hour, so a half-minute is the 120th of an hour. So they

make a knot at every 120th of a mile on the cord, and if ten 120ths run off in a half-minute, they know that ten miles run off in an hour."

"I thank you, mother," said Frank.

"I think," said Clarence, "you might thank your sister Emma, too, and the old ship that took such a sail to make an illustration for you."

"Thank you, sister, thank you, ship."

Emma now took seven blades of grass, and began weaving them into a neat flat braid, adding a new blade as often as one was all braided in. She asked Frank to watch her movements till he should know enough how it was done to begin trying to do it himself.

"Mother," said Alice, "may I drink some water out of this brook? It seems very clear and nice."

"Yes, my daughter. It comes from

a clear spring among the hills yonder, and runs over the clean pebbles, and through the fresh grass. You will find it very good. If you could see some of the water I drank at sea, you would not hesitate to drink this."

"I don't see," said Frank, "where you could get water at sea, unless you dipped it from the ocean."

"Ocean water is very salt, and a little bitter; it nauseates people," remarked Alice.

"Let me make you a cup, Alice. Stop a minute, and I'll bring a buttonwood leaf. You can double it, and drink nicely out of it," said Clarence running toward the hill.

Frank begged his mother to tell what they did for water at sea. And as soon as Clarence was in his seat again, Mrs. Raymond began.

"We took water in casks for our use on the voyage, but when we came into the torrid zone, it soon became offensive, and grew thick and slimy, so that one would suffer a good deal from thirst, before being willing to drink it. After our water began to be distasteful, we watched eagerly for a shower, hoping we might catch some pure rain water. Day after day passed, and at length the clouds foreboded rain. It came in torrents. I was called to a window, which looked out from the mate's room upon the deck, to see the process of collecting the water. The scuppers, which are holes to let the water off from the deck, were closed, and the water began to collect on the deck. At every roll of the ship, it washed across the deck, and when the ship lay over on one side,

there would be half a foot in depth on the lower side. Sailors were running about in it, and soon began to wash their red flannel shirts and other articles. Is this, thought I, to be water for us to drink? Next the old hogsheads were emptied and scrubbed out. Then the sailors began to give a very thorough scrubbing to their feet and legs. Alas, alas, thought I, the rain is all going to waste, and I see no arrangements for catching water. Are we doomed to drink still longer that sickening fluid we have forced into our mouths lately?"

"The scuppers now were opened, to let out the water which was on the deck, then they were closed again, and after a little while, re-opened, and closed again. By this time the masts and sails, the yards and rigging of the

Fresh Water at Sea.

ship had been well rinsed and re-rinsed, as well as the tarpaulins of officers, and the clothes of the men; and the roofs of round house, and hennery and caboose, and the surface of the deck, all were cleansed and fitted to serve as water-sheds for the collection of our beverage. I began to appreciate the necessity of this rinsing and re-rinsing of everything, when for the third time, the scuppers were closed, and the water, after dropping down, not from the clouds only, but from everything on or above the ship, and after swashing to and fro over the deck a few times, began to be scooped up in clean buckets, and emptied into our water-casks. By-and-by an officer of the ship brought a tumbler of water for me to drink. I seized it with unfeigned delight, but

no sooner had I tasted, than I was obliged to withdraw it in disappointment from my unsatisfied lips. It had, as we might have expected, a strong odor of tar. We soon however learned to prefer this very decidedly to the fetid water which we had lately been compelled to drink. Ships in these days are furnished with filters, which restore water in a measure to a wholesome condition. Moreover it has been found that water can be kept pure at sea by simply bottling and sealing, so as to exclude the air, and that it will go thus half round the world, and be as free from taint at the end as at the beginning of the voyage."

"I wish, dear mother," said Alice, "you would give us some idea of a storm at sea."

"I think, dear, it would be one of the most difficult things to give you an idea of. A storm at sea, is but a storm after all, and rarely, if ever, more violent than storms which we witness on land. It is your own position and liabilities in the storm, and the impression made on the mind by these, that give importance to the circumstances and sublimity to the scenes of a storm at sea.

"I was impressed by this in the first storm at sea which I witnessed. I was looking in vain for anything new and wonderful. The rain fell thick and fast upon the water, the clouds were dark and low, but this I had seen at home. I knew that we were driven with great velocity before a fierce wind, but this did not affect the senses, as we passed no objects by which to

measure our speed, and the very force with which the ship cleft the sea, seemed to hush the plash and swash of the waves, and produce an unusual stillness. Our ship tipped very much, but this only made us see the water at a different angle. Suddenly our captain directed my attention to a ship at some distance, which was much in the situation of ours. The wind had her on her beam-ends. The sea raged round her like a fury. The clouds poured torrents, and looked as if they were falling in masses to crush her. It seemed as though she were a powerless thing, and heaven and sea had roused their utmost forces, bent on her instant destruction.

"The storm had another aspect now. I wondered that our ship could sustain itself a moment. Every sense

was awake, what was seen, and heard and felt had new meaning. The silence spoke of force, the darkness spoke of danger, each creak was a warning, each hollow in the sea was an opening gulf, each lifted wave gathered itself up, as it seemed, to overwhelm us. Our gallant ship with all its ropes and spars seemed no better than an egg-shell wound round with spiders' webs. I obtained then an idea of a storm at sea, but I despair of being able to impart it to any one."

"I hope," said Alice, "you will not give up in despair. I am sure we have some new ideas of the subject from what you have said, and I for one wish very much to hear more."

"I could tell you of some quite amusing things about storms at sea."

"That is strange," said Emma, "but do tell us."

"We had a queer contrivance for keeping our dishes on the table in rough weather. Long narrow bags filled with shot, were placed upon the table, both lengthwise and crosswise, looking like a coarse net-work of ropes, each mesh of a size to hold a plate. These rope-like bags were fastened at both ends, but played to and fro upon the table, allowing the plates to slip with them either way, as the motion of the vessel compelled, yet holding them on the table. Sometimes the weather changed unexpectedly, while we were at a meal, or the wind shifted suddenly to a different quarter, and the rough-weather fixtures being absent, every plate, cup and saucer was suddenly overturned, and with their

contents deposited in our laps, or upon the floor."

"If I were hungry," said Alice, "I should be more vexed than amused, I think."

"That would be a pretty good joke for once or twice," said Frank, "but a hungry boy would not like to lose his dinner many times."

"What other funny things happened, mother?" asked Clarence.

"Well, I suppose little boys would think it quite agreeable while sitting with books and papers under the light of the hatchway, on a clear bright day, when the wind was aft, and the vessel rolling heavily, to ship a sea, and all on a sudden have a few tubfuls of water poured down upon them."

"First-rate," cried Clarence, clapping his hands with glee. "Ship a

sea, ship a sea! That's the kind of shipping for me."

"But how would you like to have the hatchway closed down upon you in rough weather, and be obliged to sit without a breath of out-door air, without, for a few days, a ray of light, except one feeble lamp for ten persons, and that suspended immovably to the ceiling for safety."

"Not so well," said Clarence, quietly.

"Were you shut up in that way at sea?"

"Occasionally."

"What else, mamma?" asked Frank.

"How would you like a scene of this kind? Suppose yourself and friends were seated, five or six on one side of the cabin, and five or six on the other side, each in a chair that was lashed

to the partition, or secured in its place by braces. In an instant, without warning, as you converse quietly together, the ship gives what the sailors call a sudden 'lurch,' and the chairs on one side of the cabin empty themselves, and the occupants are deposited, willing or unwilling, in the arms of their friends on the other side, foreheads and noses getting bumps and bruises."

"That might be either agreeable or disagreeable, I think," said Clarence. "If they were friends I loved very much, it would not be so much harm, unless they found my head harder than theirs."

"Give us another scene, mother, please," said Frank.

"I will mention one that occurred on my return voyage. We had had a

gale for two weeks, when suddenly it died away, and the sea retained the full fury to which the storm had roused it. This is a somewhat dangerous state of things, as the ship is less controllable in a heavy sea without wind to steady it.

"We were locked in sleep. Suddenly our room, which, when we shut our eyes upon it, was in midnight darkness, was bathed in the broadest moonlight, and our couch and we were bathed in a broad deep wave.

"My first impression, on waking, was that the ship had split open above our heads, and let moon and sea in together upon us. We found however that our two stern windows, which from their size and fine look-out, had given us so much pleasure, but which on account of the storm had been

closed with strong boards nailed across, and strong bars nailed again across the boards, had been dashed through, glass, timber, bars, nails and all, with one stroke of a wave, and the said wave, after soaking our clothes and bedding, and cooling and washing us, was careering at will through the cabins, and finding a vent for itself down the lower cabin stair-way."

"And did the water keep pouring in all the time?" asked Frank.

"Oh! no, that was a very large wave, and the succeeding ones did not mount so high. The carpenter soon came in with his tools, and stronger nails and boards, and secured the windows. And what do you think the carpenter said to us, as he came in. 'This,' said he, 'is sent, because I was required to come and do some work in

this cabin last Sunday.' This was before day on Sunday morning, and we remembered that on the Sunday previous, some heavy drawers full of clothes had broken from their fastenings, and were tumbling back and forth across the floor, which having no means of securing, we had mentioned it to the captain, who required the carpenter to come in and secure them for us. Whether he really thought this order was a breach of the day, and that the catastrophe of the eighth day after, was sent in judgment, or whether it was a covered thrust at what he thought our superstition, I do not know."

"But what about waves running 'mountains high?' Is that true, mamma?" asked Alice.

"Waves have some resemblance to

mountains in form, dear, and when you see them rise before you, and rise higher and higher, wave beyond wave, and have no means of measuring their height, or of judging how much higher they will rise; and when one imagines that if they should fall over the ship, or should upset it, probable, if not certain ruin would ensue, is it strange if the height seems mountainous; if he supposes thirty feet of height to be a thousand? Thirty feet is estimated to be the height of the highest waves. But thirty feet of inclined plane reaching from the spot where you stand to the horizon, and being the highest object in view except the heavens, will appear a much greater height than it really is."

"But, mother," asked Clarence, "were you not afraid of the waves,

any how? They were high enough to bury you, were they not?"

"They were high enough, dear, but it is not their way."

"What do you mean, mother?" asked Clarence.

"I mean that waves do not usually fall in such a manner as to bury a ship. You have the impression that waves rush through the ocean as the surf rushes upon the shore, but in mid-ocean it is not so. The wave near a ship falls in its own place, without approaching the ship, and the water, where the ship floats, is in its turn, elevated into a wave, raising the ship on its bosom. The highest wave will not bury a ship, because it sinks where it rises, and will not reach the ship. This is the case usually. Yet there are certain conditions of the sea,

and of the winds, which result in dangerous waves, and certain conditions of a ship, which expose it to be engulfed by these waves. The chief danger, however, when in mid-ocean, is from sudden squalls striking a ship, while all her sails are set, before there is time to get her in trim to bear the blast. With this exception, good strong vessels with skilful commanders, are pretty safe in mid-ocean. Shipwrecks occur chiefly when the ships are near land, and result from being driven by the wind upon rocks or sands."

"Mother, were you ever shipwrecked?" asked Alice.

"No, dear."

"Did you ever come near it?" asked Frank.

"It is not easy to tell, dear. Per-

sons often think themselves in imminent danger, when they are not; and on the other hand, persons unused to the sea, may be in danger without appreciating their situation. I may say there were times when we thought ourselves in danger."

"When was it, where was it? Tell us about it, mother," said one and another, eagerly.

"We had a succession of gales, for three weeks, while we were going round the Cape of Good Hope. Our captain told us we might double the Cape twenty times without encountering such weather. Several times we lay to, several times were obliged to take in all sail, except a close-reefed main-topsail. At one time there was a squall of hail that split the main and fore-topsails, and carried away the

bolt of the main-topmast back-stay; at another time the mainyard gave way, and the main-topsail, that had been renewed, again split, and some of the bulwarks were stove in by a wave. At another time, when the sea was uncommonly rough, and the ship rolling dreadfully, chairs and other articles broke from their fastenings, and slid or tumbled headlong back and forth across the cabin. Between decks where ship-stores were kept, barrels and boxes were broken, and flour, indian-meal, corn, rice, oil, and broken bottles were mingled without recipe or arrangement.

"These incidents were counted trifles, so long as our good ship rode the sea, and limb and life of all on board were safe. Sometimes, however, as I said, we considered our situation critical.

I remember one day of great interest. The wind blew with a fury we had not before witnessed. All the sails were taken in, except the main-topsail, stormsail, and close-reefed fore-topsail, and these so arranged as to make the ship 'lay to,' *i. e.* keep its position without moving forward in any direction. The gale roared through the masts and rigging, as through a forest of pines, the ship's timbers creaked and groaned. Every new gust came with greater force than those which had preceded it.

"The captain and officers looked anxious. The super-cargo, who had before showed great indifference to danger, looked distressed, and evidently was giving place to reflections, to which he was not accustomed to yield. Thoughts of the power of the

Creator who 'walketh upon the wings of the wind;' thoughts of accountability to Him, of the possibility of being suddenly ushered into his presence, could scarcely fail to arise in every mind. The missionary circle assembled in and about the little state-room of one of their number, for worship. A passage of Scripture was read, one of the missionaries led in prayer, and then we sang the Psalm,

'How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

'When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save

'The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.'

While we were singing with all our hearts that grand and precious Psalm, the steward entered, bringing the respects of the super-cargo, and desiring us to desist from so great an impropriety as singing at such a time.

"After another prayer, some of our number went on deck. One returned immediately, bringing word that the tempest had ceased! I went upon deck, and a beautiful and glorious sight met my eyes. The sun shone with its utmost splendor. The clouds, now changed to a brilliant white, and broken and scattered, were hastening to quit the scene. The rich blue waves, as they broke one against another, threw their white foam in glittering columns toward the sky. The wind had moderated, and changed its direction, but was still brisk, and bore us

dashingly over the tossing billows. In contrast with the gloomy and terrific scenes of an hour before, all this was most exhilarating and delightful. The captain remarked, 'This is peculiar weather.' The first officer exclaimed, 'Thank fortune it's over.' I could not refrain from replying, 'O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works.'"

No one spoke for a minute or so. Then Emma said, "Winds and waves though terrible at times, are often grand and beautiful, but fogs at sea bring nothing to my mind but gloom and terror."

"I cannot see what great harm a fog can do to a ship," said Frank. "It cannot wet it very much, and it can't hinder its running, nor break it, nor sink it."

"A fog can do a ship no harm directly; but it can do it a great deal of harm indirectly."

"How, mother?" asked Frank.

"First, by preventing certain things from doing it any good; and second, by letting certain things do it harm."

"What things can it prevent from doing it good?"

"The sun, moon and stars."

"Oh, yes, it is not so warm without the sun, and it is pleasant to look at the moon and stars, but all that is of little consequence."

"The sun, moon and stars do a ship far more essential services than those you mention."

"How, mother?" inquired Frank.

"They guide it on its course."

"I thought," said Clarence, "a ship's course was directed by the compass."

"A compass is of use, but is quite insufficient. It shows which way is north, and you can tell by it whether you are going East or West, or North or South, but it cannot tell how many degrees North or South, East or West you are, so that a compass cannot inform you where you are, or which way you must go to reach any desired place, or to avoid any dangerous place."

"And can the sun or moon or stars tell us anything about where we are, or ought to be?" asked Frank, quite puzzled.

"They cannot tell us exactly," said Emma, "but we can tell by studying them. Seamen and people that travel in deserts and lonely places have to consult the stars a great deal, and never feel quite safe, unless they see

them often. Don't you know how in the account of Paul's shipwreck, it says, 'When neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away?'"

"Consult the stars!" said Frank in a low tone, and as though of Emma's whole speech only those three words had made an impression on his mind.

"I have heard about consulting the stars," said Clarence, sharing the mysterious thoughts that gathered in Frank's mind, and more ready to express them, "but I was always told that it was done only by persons who wished to impose on the weak and ignorant. Will you please tell me, mamma, whether this hasn't something to do with astrology?"

This was said with a deliberation quite unusual for Clarence, and a gravity which almost tempted his sister to smile, but mamma answered quietly,

"No farther than this, Clarence, that because our place on the earth can be learned by ascertaining the places of the sun and planets, designing men take advantage of the fact, and make ignorant persons believe that many other things can be learned in the same way."

Frank expressed his relief in a long breath, and Clarence said,

"I would like very much to know how we can learn anything from the stars."

"It requires a good deal of study to be able to make the calculations necessary," said Mrs. Raymond.

"I would study till I was gray," said Frank, "to find it out."

"Mamma," said Emma, "will you let me try to give them an idea about it?"

"Certainly, dear."

"Alice," said Emma, "please walk off toward the wood, and stand midway between that tall walnut-tree, and that little stunted maple, but two or three rods this way from them.

"Clarence and Frank, let me give you positions a good deal further off from the wood, and at some distance from each other.

"Now, Clarence, look at Alice, and tell me where she seems to be standing."

"She is not standing where you told her at all, sister, but close by the black walnut."

"Oh! no, Clarence," said Frank. "What makes you say so? Can't you tell a maple-tree? It's the maple-tree she is standing near."

"Which do you say, Clarence," said Emma, "she is standing near the maple, is she?"

"No, sister, it is the black walnut, I say. That's what I said at first," said Clarence.

"I can't tell," said Frank, "what you are thinking about. She is as near opposite to the maple as can be, and ever so far from the black walnut."

"Now, boys," said Emma, "change places, just as though you were playing 'Puss in the corner.' Run, now, both of you at once, and do not let anybody snatch your corner from you."

The boys ran and changed places, and Clarence said, "what shall we do next, sister?"

"Look round, now," said Emma, "and tell me where Alice is standing. You, Frank, first. Is she standing by the maple-tree, now?"

"Poh!" said Frank, "she's moved now. There, sister, you set us running just so we need not see her change her place. Now, she is by the black walnut, of course, but she wasn't before."

"I can't help laughing," said Clarence. "It is some trick, that's plain. It's just as clear to me that she is by the maple this time, as it was before that she was by the black walnut. This is some game I haven't been let into yet."

"Now, Frank," said Emma, "walk

over quietly to where Clarence stands. Tell us now where Alice stands."

Frank, after going over, says,

"By the maple."

"Of course she does," said Clarence.

"Now, both of you," said Emma, "walk back together to where Frank stood."

They did so, and both together said, "She is by the black walnut."

"I don't understand it," said Clarence.

"Now, both walk again back to where Clarence stood, and look at Alice as you go."

"It seems," said Clarence, "as though she changes her place, too."

"As fast as we go to one side," said Frank, "she goes to the other, or at least it looks very much so."

"Alice has not changed her place

at all," said Emma, "neither has she been in front of either the maple or black walnut, but when we move from one place to another, the things about us look as though they were not where they really are."

"Oh! yes," said Clarence. "I have seen that often, but I never thought much about it. When you ride in a car, you see it very plainly."

"I have thought a great deal about it, but could not tell why it was," said Frank.

"What is all this about, sister? I thought you were going to teach us about consulting the stars," said Clarence.

"I wished to show you," replied Emma, "that when we are in one place, on the ocean, the apparent position of distant objects, as the heavenly

bodies, is different from the position they seem to occupy when we are in another place. And studying these differences in the apparent positions of the sun, moon and stars when viewed from the point we occupy on this our globe, is one thing that helps seamen to know what place they are in."

"Now," said Frank, "I understand a little about it."

"Yes," answered his mother, "it is a little indeed. I hope some day you will know much more about it."

"I hope so, too," said Frank.

"We see now," said Clarence, "what good the sun, moon and stars do, which the fog may prevent their doing. We would like to know what those things are which the fog allows to harm ships."

"Shoals and submarine rocks, icebergs and other ships. If a ship-master does not know where he is going, he may run upon islands, shoals or hidden rocks."

"But suppose," asked Clarence, "you do know just where you are, how do you know just where the shoals and rocks and islands are?"

"These are all laid down upon maps or charts by persons who have previously passed near them, and taken their latitude and longitude. These charts the mariner constantly studies, and guides his course according to them."

"But icebergs and ships, what will they do to you?" asked Frank.

"Why hit you, and smash you into ten thousand pieces," answered Clarence. "Excuse me, mother."

"But," said Frank, "is not the ocean wide enough for all the ships in the world, and all the icebergs, too?"

"But suppose," said Clarence, "you don't see where they are, and so you run straight into them."

"Yes, yes," said Frank. "I should think a fog *was* rather dangerous. It tears up your track, and then it blindfolds you. The quicker you let off steam, the better."

"That might do for a locomotive," suggested Emma. "But the steam, when you are in a sailing ship, is not at your command, the wind is your steam then. You can't control the wind."

"Take in sail, then," said Clarence.

"The wind," replied Emma, "will drive you still. Don't you remember

when Paul was in the ship in the tempest, it is said they strake sail, and so were driven?"

"It is a bad case," said Clarence. "Were you ever in such a case as that, mother?"

"Not in the voyage to India. In our homeward voyage, between England and America, we had a gale and a fog at the same time, which is rather unusual. But so it was with us. We were in a region, too, where icebergs abound. Indeed the captain had spoken a ship which told us of icebergs ahead, and when the fog dispersed, we saw icebergs about us."

"Terrible!" exclaimed Clarence and Emma.

"I suppose we were never in more perilous circumstances."

"Mother, do tell me how you felt," said Alice.

"I can easily tell you; at least my recollection of the impressions of the time is very distinct. The fog was dense, and the gale severe. The captain, who had traversed the sea many years with great success, and who was naturally genial and pleasant, grew taciturn, and, except when something of consequence required his attention, noticed his passengers very slightly.

"The passengers were all intensely serious, and profoundly quiet. The gayer ones, who in common storms assumed an air of unusual levity, were pale and restless. My mind, though in a good degree assured of an interest in Christ, and of eternal safety through him, yet was extremely active in bringing up most vividly my

possible condition in case of self-deception, if I should, in a few minutes, be hurried into eternity. I could not, as usual in such circumstances, obtain entire relief and assured peace, by applying in prayer to the Saviour of sinners. Suddenly it occurred to me, why think so much about yourself, who possibly may be saved, when here are many in the ship with you, who have not the slightest hope of salvation, to whom the plunge into eternity must realize all that your imagination depicts.

"I sought immediately, and found an opportunity to speak with one, who, I knew, professed no interest in Christ, and begged her to apply to Him at once. Occupied in conversing thus with any one who I thought might listen in such an hour, no

thought for my own safety, nor doubt concerning it, came again to my mind. I could approach the Saviour with confidence and hope in regard to my shipmates and in regard to the happy result of the voyage. I look back on the lessons of those earnest, honest hours, and count them a life-treasure."

The afternoon was now far advanced, and the little party walked quietly and thoughtfully towards home.

IV.

STARS IN SKY AND SEA.

THE appointed hour of the following day found them all seated in their pleasant parlor. They had prepared to go to their favorite resort, but the prospect of a thunder shower, compelled them to stay at home.

"The talk is the chief thing after all," said Clarence, "and we need not give that up, need we, mother?"

"Certainly not. Bring your work, and take your chairs."

"Clarence," said Emma, "you will have to moisten your grass, if you wish to weave more baskets. Run to

the kitchen, and bring a basin of water large enough to lay them out straight in it."

"If we were only by the brook, now," Clarence answered, "I should not have to bring a basin of water."

"Yes," said Alice, "and the brook would carry them all off down stream, and you would have far enough to run for them."

"Every advantage," said Frank, "has its disadvantage, sister."

"And every disadvantage has its advantage, perhaps," said Emma.

Clarence brought the water.

"Be very careful in opening the handkerchief, that you do not break the grass, now that it is dry," said Emma.

The arrangements for braiding being completed, and each member of

the little circle having his and her work in operation, Mrs. Raymond said,

"All that I have told you, so far, about the sea, has been of scenes of the day. I must tell you something about the night."

"I should think night at sea would be very dreary," said Emma.

"One has naturally a sense of insecurity and loneliness, when night comes, even on shore. I should suppose there would be much more of this feeling at sea. When I imagine night on the ocean, it seems to me that I should really shudder to look at the unbroken arch of heaven in its vast hollowness, or the wide, empty circle of the sea. Indeed, mother, I dread to have you tell about it, even."

"I am sorry, my dear, you have such gloomy impressions. I think I

could soon dispel them, if I could show you such night scenes as I have witnessed in some parts of the ocean."

"If you can tell me of anything about it that is bright or cheerful, I shall be glad."

"I think I have known you find some pleasure in studying the geography of the heavens?"

"Indeed, yes, mother, I do certainly. I love to look at the stars from my window, and learn the names of the constellations. I love to watch each evening, and see how far this planet or that has progressed in its path among the fixed stars, and to find how far we have moved in the Zodiac, by seeing how far to the West the stars seem to have traveled since the night before at the same hour."

"I have not studied the stars," said

Alice, "but I like to see them. I could sit for half an hour, and just feast my eyes upon them, if I did not know anything about them, or think anything about them, only to look at them. It seems to rest my eyes. If I have a headache, it soothes it. It rests my mind. If anything has been troubling me, it makes me forget it. Only last night, when you and Emma were away, mother, there was no moon, and it was late. I did not wish to light up my room for fear of mosquitoes, so I could do nothing to entertain myself. I was lonely and rather gloomy, so I went and sat down by my window to wait till you came home. As I threw open my shutters, the bright stars shone as kindly and cheering as ever. I had not thought of them for a good while, and it seemed like a kind of

surprise that they were there. I could not help thinking, mother, that they were like the promises in the Bible. We forget all about them, sometimes, and don't seem to care whether there are any. But by-and-bye, when perhaps we are in some trouble, we open the Bible, and there they are, just as true, and just as comforting as ever."

"I hope, sister," said Frank, "you don't let your Bible lie unopened till trouble comes."

"No, Frank," replied his mother, "but as we walk in the starlight sometimes, without much noticing the stars, so we sometimes read the Bible without seeing very much of the value of the promises."

"I don't think we are getting ahead in our voyage," said Clarence, after a pause.

"I was going to say that the ocean is about the best place to study the stars. Beside that a ship is a very good observatory, life at sea puts you in a state of mind to be interested in them. The want of necessary and pressing daily occupation, and the want of extended society and public incident, in short, the want of work, and the want of news induces a contemplative state of mind, which inclines you more to view the stars and think about them.

"Men at sea often become very familiar with the stars, even without books or teachers, so that they have them mapped out in the mind's eye, and distinguish them readily, even though they may not have learned their names. Just as one brought up in a certain portion of a city, or tract of

country, and traveling over the same streets and roads day after day, has the whole in his memory, and would not lose his way, or mistake one house for another, though the streets might have no sign-boards, or he might never have heard the name of a single resident."

"The stars seem to me like nothing but confusion," said Clarence. "I could never tell, one night, whether I had ever looked at the same stars before, or whether they were all new ones. I could not tell whether they kept the same places in the sky, or whether they were jumbled together every day, and just tossed up there, and sprinkled over the sky again every night."

"If you looked at them a good deal, and became familiar with them, you

would experience something of the same difference of feeling on seeing them, that you do in falling in with a group of friends, instead of being thrown in company with a roomful of strangers."

"Indeed, mother," said Clarence, "I can hardly think of that, for the one is about the awkwardest feeling in the world, and the other the pleasantest feeling imaginable."

"I said 'something' of the same feeling, my dear Clarence. You know something about some of the stars, I am sure; those large ones that I told you once were in the back of the Great Bear."

"Oh! yes," exclaimed Clarence, "I am always glad to get a sight of those. I know them because they are larger than most of the stars, and because

they form a shape something like a dipper, and when I am walking in a dark night, I always look round for them, because they are the only ones I do know, and I fancy it is not quite so lonely when I see them."

"But the form of a dipper is not easier to remember than other forms, nor any pleasanter to see. All the stars are arranged in some forms, and you could after a while remember them just as well as that; and if it makes you feel glad, and less lonely when you get a sight of one group that you know, do you not think it would make you feel gladder, and less lonely still, if you saw on every side of you groups that you knew?"

"But how shall I get to know them?" asked Clarence.

"You may take a globe and lamp,

and having secured the service of some friend to adjust the globe to your latitude, and to turn toward you the part of it, which corresponds to the quarter of the heavens, towards which your window looks, you may look first towards the sky, and fix your eye upon some distinct group of larger stars, and then turn to your globe, and find it there, and ascertain to what constellation it belongs, and what other stars are in the same constellation, and see if any of them have names, and if so, learn them. Then notice the marks on the globe showing which star is number one, number two, number three, etc., of that constellation, or, which is the same thing, which is Alpha, Beta, Gamma, etc., look them out in the sky again and again, till you can turn to them in their order and

number them. They are numbered according to their size.

"Try only one constellation in an evening, and review it the next fair evening. This is one method. If you were without a globe, maps of the heavens would answer the same purpose. But as in very warm weather you do not care to keep a light burning much of the evening, and as you cannot always have a friend at hand to assist you, I would recommend a different method."

"Seat yourself in your sister Alice's window, which will give you a view of your friend the dipper, and study that a little. Notice everything about it that you can see or think of. How many stars has it, how do they stand related to each other, how many form what looks like the handle? Is it a

straight handle, or has it a bend in it, does the end bend downward toward the lower part of the dipper, or upward toward the upper part of it, how many form the bottom of the dipper, how many make the side outward, or away from the handle, how many the side toward the handle, and thus observe everything you can about the dipper itself. Then look for stars about the dipper. Do you see some small ones near the end of the handle? What geometrical form can you fancy they have, or what letter, or what other object do they resemble, a chair, or a table, or a house-roof? Is there any little star within the cup of the dipper, or near the opening at the top? Are there any stars that lie in a direction nearly parallel with the direction of the dipper, at a little distance

from it on either or both sides, and how many? Are there any that lie off a little way from the outer side of the cup of the dipper, forming the shape, say of a boat or a basket? Sit and look it over thus inquisitively, and talk it over to yourself mentally, or in a whisper, or aloud. See all you can see about it, and ask all you can ask about it.

"The next night take your seat again, and try if you can recal all the particulars you noticed the night before. Afterward, get your sister Alice or Emma, (Frank will be asleep too soon) to go out with you, or if they are too busy, see if you can persuade your mother to go with you, and sit under your tuition for a while, as you point out to her all the particulars you have noticed in these bright, twink-

ling stars and constellations, and see if she confirms your observations. I think you would find this pleasant.

"Some time there will come another evening when we will feel like sitting down quietly, and looking at the stars. Then let your eye stray out in some direction further away from the dipper. See what large star lies in one direction from it, or another, and what smaller stars appear about that, and study their bearings and relations. You would find before long that the portion of the heavens you had gone over in this way, was all jotted down in your mind, so that you could shut your eyes, and look at it even in the day-time. You might give a name of your own choosing, if you wished, to each of the largest stars, and call them by it till you could get an opportunity

to learn the names given to them by astronomers."

"Did you try any such method, when you were at sea, mother?" asked Frank.

"No, my dear. But without it the sky at night was a delightful object. What I had chiefly in mind though, in speaking of night scenes at sea, was some appearances of the water."

"I don't understand, mother," said Frank, "how you can see much of the water at night, unless it be when the moon shines. Then, indeed, I should think it might look very pretty."

"That is not what I was thinking of, though there are lovely moon-light scenes at sea. One I remember especially. It was in a calm. When there is no wind, there is usually, what is called a swell. That is, the

sea rises and falls very slowly in long low undulations. I will not venture to state how long, but am sure they have sometimes looked to me as though it were half a mile, from the foot of the swell to the top of it. At the time of which I speak, we were sailing directly East. The full moon had risen an hour before, and of course lay just above our prow. The surface of the sea was as unrippled as a looking-glass. We were heading across those long deep swells, and every time we came to the bottom of one of them, and were beginning to ascend it, a broad belt of the wave between us and the horizon seemed covered with moonbeams, not in faint reflection, but every part as white and as radiant as the moon itself. It seemed like a pathway of light, by which we were as-

cending to a heavenly portal. We stood at the side of the ship, leaning over the bulwarks, and looking toward the prow, and every time the ship dipped, the lovely vision was renewed."

"That must have been beautiful, really," said Emma.

"Yes, we watched it while the moon mounted higher and higher in the heavens, till at length the effect was no longer produced."

"But, mother, I understood you that the most wonderful sight you saw, was in the dark," said Clarence.

"That is a little more than I said, dear. I implied that it was not seen by moonlight. The first time that I noticed the appearance, no one had spoken to me of it, and I did not like to speak of it, lest those around me

should think that my fancy illumined and colored beyond nature, but it seemed to me that the crest of every wave was luminous with a faintly-colored light, greenish or bluish, I could hardly say which, it was so faint and so transient. I amused myself with the illusion for a while, and supposed the atmosphere or my fancy would probably never present me with it again. I had heard something of the phosphorescence of the ocean, but not having formed a distinct idea as to how it would present itself, I did not connect this appearance with it.

"A few evenings after, your father took me on deck, and proposed to walk forward to the prow of the ship. This was unusual, because that part of the ship was not assigned to the passengers. So I presumed there was some-

thing to be seen. The night was dark, there was but a moderate breeze. As we walked forward, I noticed that the bowsprit and ropes attached to it, were lighted up with a pale light, and on looking over the prow, saw the sea full of diamonds and pearls as it were, mingling the sparkling brilliance of the one with the moon-like gleam of the other, and looking as though the fabled caves of ocean had been emptied of all their gems.

"The supply was inexhaustible as magic, and the longer we looked, as the night deepened, the richer was the display. We walked along the side of the ship, and looked over the bulwarks; the water there presented the same appearance: we passed to the stern, and it was the same there. For several nights we enjoyed fine exhibi-

tions, and one day some one bethought himself of dipping up a pail of sea-water, and taking it into a darkened apartment. On disturbing the water with a stick, light was emitted from numerous little points, which floated in it, and on examining, it appeared that there were small particles of a transparent, jelly-like substance, each of which had in its centre a small dark speck.

"One dark night we were nearly becalmed, and as our movement disturbed the water but little, the exhibition was inferior to what we had seen before. We were about withdrawing to the cabin, when along the Western horizon there appeared a multitude of lights, as though we were approaching a city just at the hour of a grand illumination. As we doubted

whether to amuse ourselves with tracing the resemblance between what we saw, and the spires and windows and illuminated peaks and light-houses of some jubilant harbor; or whether to yield to the impression that we had suddenly made some unknown port, and must get ready to disembark, it seemed that ships of fire were making out from the harbor to overhaul us.

"Soon these multiplied into a fleet of fire-ships, rapidly bearing down upon us; and, as the western gale rushed on us, and swept by, the whole ocean was covered with them. We now understood it all. The wind, which broke suddenly on the sea in the West, had powerfully agitated the waters in that quarter, rousing the phosphorescent animalcules to show their most vivid light. As wave

dashed against wave, the water was broken into spray, and thrown upwards, assuming those forms which, in the distance, we compared to lighted towers and pinnacles, and, as they came nearer, to masts and sails.

"It was a splendid pageant. The first effect was soon over, but through the night, there seemed to be bonfires all over the sea."

"Shall I see it, if I go to sea, mother?" asked Clarence.

"I cannot promise you that my dear, for I do not know that anybody before or since, ever saw just the same appearance that I did. But if you should go round the world, I suppose you could not fail to see a good deal of similar display."

"You have told us, mother, of birds and fishes, and waves and icebergs,

and illuminations, and fogs and storms, but you have told us nothing of calms," said Alice.

"How can I tell you about a calm? Is there anything to it to tell? It is a most negative condition. One can better tell what there is not in it, than what there is, perhaps. First, there is no wind, second, there is no wave, third, there is no cloud, fourth, there is no motion, fifth, there is no sound, sixth, there is no progress, seventh, there is no incident, eighth, there is no satisfaction. The ship lies listless on the middle of a sea of glass, the smooth round horizon seems removed to an immeasurable distance, the sails hang idle, no ropes are pulled, no orders are shouted, no tramp of men hurrying to obey is heard, there is no rush of waters, no jar of timbers.

You hush your voice, it disturbs such an immense stillness. You incline not to move, it seems incongruous. You are sure your very thoughts are heard. You are weary, weary. You wish to fly, you are bound to that one spot. Day and night pass, and day and night again, but yet your ship moves not. Such is a calm at sea."

When the conversation had proceeded thus far, Mrs. Raymond reminded her young auditors that it was Saturday afternoon, and that they had some duties at home which required their attention.

"Mother," said Emma, "shall we have to omit our conversation, to-morrow?"

"Would it not be right," asked Frank, "to talk about a missionary voyage on Sunday?"

"That will depend, perhaps, on how we talk about it. There are some things on board ship that we may talk about on Sunday, I am sure," said Clarence, "there are Sundays on board ship, that's one thing, and there are Bibles and Hymn-books, and meetings."

"And there are works of God in sea and sky, and his care of us," said Alice.

"We shall meet as usual in the nursery to-morrow after Sunday-school, and we will see then what it is best to talk about."

V.

SABBATH AT SEA.

On Sunday afternoon, when the public services of the day were over, Alice and Clarence came to Mrs. Raymond, with a request that, as the day was warm and fine, they might take some chairs out upon the piazza, and prepare to hold the proposed conversation there. To this Mrs. Raymond cheerfully assented.

When they were seated, Mrs. Raymond said, "It seems very suitable on this day, to review the voyage we have talked so much about, for the purpose of finding what religious les-

sons it may yield. I would like to have each of you tell me what you think of in sea life, which is suited to turn the mind toward God."

A minute or two was allowed for reflection, and as no one seemed in haste to break the silence, Mrs. Raymond said,

"You may speak first, Emma."

"I confess, ma, I am thinking that the sense of danger would influence me most of anything. I should feel all the time I was on board ship, that there was but a plank beween me and eternity."

"There is far less than that between us and eternity at all times, my child. A cob-web would more fitly represent our hold on life, than an oak plank."

"But we are not," said Emma, "al-

ways conscious of it on land. It seems to me that on the sea, I should never forget it for an hour."

"It is well, dear, if a sense of insecurity keep vividly before our minds our dependence on God. 'In Him we live and move and have our being.' Let us hear what occurs to Alice as the circumstance in sea-life most fitted to turn our thoughts towards our Father in heaven."

"I was thinking, mother," said Alice, "that everything on land seems made for man, but that at sea, the birds and fishes, the water and clouds seem all to no purpose except for God. Why, the ocean is broader in surface than the land, and miles in depth. Yet it is thronged with fish, and through every part of the wide air above it, birds range. The beautiful

clouds, the brilliant display of phosphorescence seem all to be lost, except as they please the eye of God. These all seem to say, We live unto Him."

"But a small portion of the Creator's works are ever seen by human eyes, but as Job said, 'God searcheth out all perfection. His eye seeth every precious thing,'" (Job xxxviii. 3, 10), replied Mrs. Raymond.

"Clarence, it is your turn next."

"Mother," said Clarence, "the loneliness. You leave the world behind, and sail away off, where there is nobody. For weeks you sail straight on over the trackless water, where no man is, and where it seems as though nobody ever had been. Day after day you go farther and farther into solitude. The empty water is around you, and the vacant sky above. There

are no streets thronged with people, no neighbors' houses, no games nor business going on. I should think you would feel as though you had quit the world and gone off alone with God."

"In the secret place of our own hearts," said his mother, "we may at any time be alone with God, yet it is true that to many minds the isolation of ship life brings a peculiar consciousness of the presence of the Infinite One. Indeed I think few circumstances are more fitted to impress this than to stand in a quiet night, alone on a ship's deck, when even most of your shipmates are asleep and you see no signs of life about you, with the wide stretch of sea on every hand, and the vast starry arch over head. You seem, indeed, of all the universe

alone with God. To one who loves God, it is a delightful impression, and makes him long to be 'caught up,' and be forever with Him."

"Mother," said Frank, "I should think a Sabbath at sea would be rather pleasant. Not a stormy Sabbath, with rain and rough waves, but a quiet one, almost a calm; when the sun shone, and the sails were just filled with wind, and the air was mild, and the sea smooth. Then, I should like to take my Bible, and go up and sit on the deck, and look out all the places in it that tell about the sea. I remember one that begins, 'They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in the great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.'"

"Recite that Frank. You have

learned the whole passage, have you not?"

"A few verses," said Frank.

Frank then repeated from the twenty-third to the thirty-first verses of the 107th Psalm.

"'They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the LORD, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the LORD in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves

thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven. Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.' "

"Are you sure you could remember any other passages in the Bible about the sea, so that you would be able to turn to them?"

"Oh! yes, mother," said Frank, "a number. In the story of Jonah there is mention of a storm at sea. In the Gospels of Matthew, Mark and John, there are also accounts of storms at sea."

"Don't you remember," asked Clarence, "that long account of a tempestuous voyage, and a shipwreck in the Acts of the Apostles?"

"There are many allusions to the

sea in the Bible, some of which are very interesting," said Emma.

"You may repeat some of them."

"The first allusion," said Emma, "is in the second verse of chap. 1st of Genesis, in the account of the creation. 'Darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.' And again in v. 8. 'God said, Let the waters under the neaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear, and it was so. And God called the dry land earth, and the gathering together of the waters called He seas, and God saw that it was good.' Again in v. 20. 'God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life.' There are allusions to the sea also, in the song of Moses and Miriam.'"

"Can you repeat them?"

"I will read them if you please, mother." (See Exod. xv. 1, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, 19, 20, 21.)

"'Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea: his chosen captains also are drowned in the Red sea. The depths have covered them: they sank into the bottom as a stone. And with the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright as a heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea. The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil: my

lust shall be satisfied upon them; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them. Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them: they sank as lead in the mighty waters. Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders? For the horse of Pharaoh went in with his chariots and with his horsemen into the sea, and the Lord brought again the waters of the sea upon them: but the children of Israel went on dry land in the midst of the sea.

"'And Miriam the prophetess took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels, and with dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the

horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.'

"Job says, 'God treadeth upon the waves of the sea.' And again, 'He weigheth the waters by measure.' And Jeremiah says, 'He divideth the sea, when the waves thereof roar,'" remarked Alice.

"Recite the passage, if you can, Clarence, which begins, 'Who shut up the sea with doors.'"

"I cannot recite it, but I will read it; it is in Job xxxviii. 8–11."

"'Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth, as if it had issued out of the womb? When I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling band for it, and brake up for it my decreed place, and set bars and doors, and said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no

further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed?'

"And Alice, Psalm civ. 24–27.

"'O LORD, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches; so is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships; there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein. These wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.'

"And Frank, Prov. viii, 27–30.

"'When he prepared the heavens, I was there: when he set a compass upon the face of the depth: when he established the clouds above: when he strengthened the fountains of the deep: when he gave to the sea his de-

cree, that the waters should not pass his commandment; when he appointed the foundations of the earth: then I was by him as one brought up with him: and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him.'"

"There is a passage in Job," said Emma, "which I think must refer to some of the phosphorescent exhibitions of which you have spoken. They are in the account of the Leviathan, Job xli. 18. 'By his neesings a light doth shine, and his eyelids are like the eyelids of the morning. Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out. His breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his mouth. He maketh a path to shine after him. One would think the deep to be hoary.' I should think it was the movements of Leviathan in

the water, disturbing the animalcules, that caused the display here spoken of.' "

"When Job asks," said Alice, 'Where shall wisdom be found, and where is the place of understanding?' "the reply is, 'The depth saith, it is not in me, and the sea saith, it is not with me.' "

"And in the 46th Psalm there is another reference to the sea," added Frank. "David says, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swellings thereof. Selah.' "

"In chiding the Jews for their rebellion and idolatry," said Emma, "God says, (Jer. v. 22,) 'Fear ye not me? saith the Lord. Will ye not tremble at my presence, which have placed the sand for a perpetual decree that it cannot pass it: and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet cannot they prevail; though they roar, yet can they not pass over it?'"

"In the Revelation made by the Lord Jesus Christ to the Apostle John," said Alice, "he was shown that at the Judgment, the sea would give up the dead that are therein. Again, it is represented that an angel shall stand with one foot upon the land, and one upon the sea, and swear by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that there should be time no longer.

Again, a period is spoken of, when there shall be no more sea."

"I should think," said Clarence, "that aboard ship would be a good place to live as a Christian."

"Why, my son?"

"Because there seems to be nothing to tempt you; the world is left behind. Then there are so many things to remind you of God."

"We carry the world in our hearts wherever we go, and shall never find a spot on this round world, where temptation cannot get access to us. I think if you will consider, you will find full as many helps on land, as on sea, to a Christian life."

"But not so much leisure to attend to it, mother," said Clarence.

"Both on land and sea people are variously situated. Many of those

who go to sea, are very busy on shipboard, and those who have most leisure, either on sea or land, are not always those who improve it best."

"Are seamen," asked Frank, "generally very religious, mother?"

"A very different character has often been ascribed to them. I think however, that sailors have not been as well thought of as they deserve. Perhaps prejudice has been awakened by the fact that when sailors are on land, they are out of their element, as we say, and live more irregularly than they do in their ocean homes. Besides, after an imprisonment on board ship, they feel on being set at liberty in a harbor, with their wages just slipped into their hands, that then is the time to spend their money and enjoy themselves. It is however ad-

mitted that courage, humaneness, frankness and generosity are marked traits in sailors universally. Certainly we have every reason to speak favorably of them. Our kind captain was most considerate of our welfare, intelligent and courteous; our officers were civil and kind, the sailors, as far as we saw, were peaceable and orderly."

"I do not see how you could hold religious services on board ship, mamma, everything is knocking about so," said Frank.

"Things are fastened, dear, so that in ordinary weather they do not knock about. We were favored with pleasant Sundays all the early part of our voyage. The first Sabbath, all of our company were too sea-sick to hold a service. The second Sabbath,

however, all things were favorable. We had recovered from sea-sickness. The weather was pleasant. The captain cheerfully acceded to the proposal for service, and himself invited the sailors to attend. At first they declined, but afterward, on persuasion ten of them came, and sat down with us. A few chairs and benches were placed for some of our number, but others, as well as the sailors sat on coiled ropes, casks and such fixtures as were available. The capstan served as a table, and a platform was dispensed with. We sought the Lord in prayer, and sang his praise. A sermon was preached by one of the missionaries. These services were continued on the succeeding Sabbaths, whenever the weather permitted. A Bible class was also

held weekly with some of the sailors, which they attended with interest. In the latter part of the voyage, as I have mentioned, we had three weeks of successive gales, with some really appalling storms. At these times we seemed brought face to face with death, and felt that we, and all on board were on the very verge of eternity. Besides, in one storm, a sailor fell into the sea and narrowly escaped with his life. It made us pray more earnestly. Soon after this, as your father was walking upon deck one evening, a sailor accosted him, saying, 'I wish you would talk to me about the salvation of my soul. I feel very much distressed. Your remarks last evening about the Prodigal Son affected me, and I feel that I am a prodigal.' Your father said, "Perhaps the

Lord sent us on board of this ship on purpose that you might have an opportunity of hearing about Jesus Christ, and securing the salvation of your soul.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'and perhaps he has sent me for this purpose, for I expected to go in another ship, and did not think of coming in this until the very day we left Boston.'

"After conversing for some time, urging him to repent of his sins, and serve God, your father returned to the cabin, and proposed to some of the missionaries to spend a few minutes in prayer. Two others of the missionaries then accompanied him to the forecastle, where they met and conversed with four or five of the sailors. They all seemed interested. One said, 'I never thought so much on the subject of religion in my life as

since I have been on board of this ship! He added that he had determined to break off swearing, and try to do as well as he could. Another said his mind was in the thing, but he could not bring his heart to it.'

"It was evident from this time that the Holy Spirit was moving upon the hearts of several on board. One sailor said, 'We cannot turn all at once. I am determined not to drink any more, and to leave off swearing.' Another said, 'The preaching and talking are enough to melt a heart of stone. I am not much used to crying, but when I hear —— pray, I cannot help it.' Another said, 'There is a great change in the forecastle. Where there were a hundred oaths last week, there has not been one this

week.' These are new times on shipboard.

"The midnight watch saw sailors bowed under the canopy of heaven, asking forgiveness of sin for themselves and their companions. How we longed that they all might enter the ark of safety, and be borne to the haven of eternal bliss! Yet, if but one soul reaches heaven through God's blessing on the prayers and efforts of that season, it will repay a thousand times all the anxiety that was felt, and all the effort that was made."

"Yes, indeed, mother," said Frank, "a whole world cannot weigh a single soul."

"What text, Clarence, conveys the idea which Frank has just expressed?"

"What shall it profit a man 'if he

gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' "

There was a moment or two of silence, when Mrs. Raymond said,

"It is time Emma to prepare tea."

"Can we not delay a little, mother, this once," asked Frank.

"Then the interval before going to church, would be so short, that we should have no time to sing hymns," said Emma.

"Everything in its time," said Mrs. Raymond, as they rose, and went into the house.

VI.

ASHORE AGAIN.

On the following day, as soon as the heat of noon-day was moderated, Mrs. Raymond and her auditors sought their favorite retreat.

"I suppose my children are weary of being at sea, and would like to-day to set foot on any shore, even though it be a heathen shore," said Mrs. Raymond.

"I still think, dear mother," said Emma, "that if we were really at sea, we should indeed long for the end of the voyage. But I should never weary of hearing you tell about it."

"Where did you land, mother?" inquired Alice.

"In Madras, dear."

"What was the first idea that struck you, mamma, on seeing the shores of India?" inquired Emma.

"I suppose you expect me to say, that my first thought was of having reached the heathen, and of pity for their condition. Such thoughts had their own time and place before and after. But I remember distinctly that the idea which impressed me most strongly in first setting my eyes on the shores of India, was that of intense heat. We lay at anchor in the Roads three miles from shore. It was an hour or two after mid-day, in the lull, before the sea-breeze of the afternoon succeeded the hot land wind of the morning. The sun shot down its most

scorching rays. The slightly undulating sea reflected them with power. Beyond, the glistening surf foamed upon the sunny beach. The white stuccoed buildings of the street, which ran along the water's edge, added to the glare. Dazzling clouds lay behind and above the city. It seemed as though the ship and the whole scene before us were just ready to kindle and burn together."

"Did the people come out to greet you, mother, and bring you presents?" asked Emma.

"I do not think such of the natives as came in their catamarans and Masulah boats about the ship, had the least idea of our object in coming to their country. Though they brought fruits and jewelry, and other wares, it was with no idea of presenting

them, but with the hope that we would purchase them. I remember that when we first looked over the ship's sides, and saw the group of native boats that encircled us, the ladies of our company were so repelled by the aspect of their occupants, the almost naked, dark-skinned boatmen in dress and hue, much more like the wild monkey in his native woods, than like any human beings we had seen before, that they withdrew to the cabin, satisfied that, as the time for doing them any good, had not yet arrived, they might as well postpone making their acquaintance."

"Indeed! mother," exclaimed Alice, "I thought you would begin at once, to tell them your errand. If you did not speak to them then about the Saviour, you might never have an op-

portunity to meet the same individuals again."

"How could we, my dear? We did not understand their language, and they knew nothing of ours."

"But, mother," said Alice, "I have heard of communicating with the heathen by signs."

"It is only very general ideas of Deity and of accountability that can be communicated in that way; ideas too that we hold already in common. Anything wholly new to the mind, like the idea of an atoning Saviour. I do not see that we could possibly suggest."

"But why not," asked Emma, "give them the more general ideas at least, at first?"

"Thoughts of Deity, and heaven and hell, and sin and holiness, etc., it is

true, they have in some sense, in common with us; yet their views are very erroneous and distorted, and if we commenced calling their thoughts toward the Divine Being for instance, they would be reminded only of their own preconceived notions. They would think we were exhorting them to worship Siva or Pulliar, and we could not by signs explain the difference. They have an idea too, that they are very religious, and in a sense they are. They refer much oftener in their talk to their idols than we do to the Supreme Being, and make far more proclamation of fear and reverence for him. They too are far better masters of pantomime than we, and would very soon turn teacher, and put us down with their facility of communication, and their display of devotion.

"Those who came to the ship, came probably depending on the bargains they could drive with the new comers, for their dinners, of which they were perhaps in pressing want; and, to have detained them at such a time, while we novices attempted to make spiritual impressions, without the aid even of words, would have been only to prejudice them against the precious truths we wished to have them receive in love."

"So mother, you went and hid yourselves like frightened people, when you saw the natives coming. I wonder what they thought of you," said Clarence.

"We went to the cabin, but they knew nothing about it. However, some time afterward, when our husbands told us that there were native

merchants on deck, who were decently clothed, and who wished the privilege of showing us their wares, we went up again to them. These were quite a different set of people, yet neither with these could we converse. They opened their cases, and showed us what they had to dispose of, and were able to say, 'one rupee,' or 'one and half rupee,' or 'two and quarter rupee,' or 'ten rupee,' but nothing more than to name the price of their articles. When we shook our heads, they could understand very well that we did not wish to purchase."

"How long, mother," asked Emma, "did you lie there at anchor? I should think you would have been anxious to get on land as soon as possible."

"Probably we were, though I have

no distinct recollection of any feeling of impatience. But we are very apt I think to forget our wrong feelings, and remember only our right ones."

"But how did you get ashore?" inquired Frank. "It says in my geography that the surf along that coast is very dangerous."

"It is so, my dear, at times, and only the native boats, manned by natives, can live in it."

"It is a new idea," replied Clarence, "if Yankees can't make a boat that will do as well as a boat made by those poor heathen Hindoos."

"Perhaps Yankees havn't tried, and even if they were to invent as good a boat, they would need a long training probably to enable them to conduct it safely.

"Some years ago, an English cap-

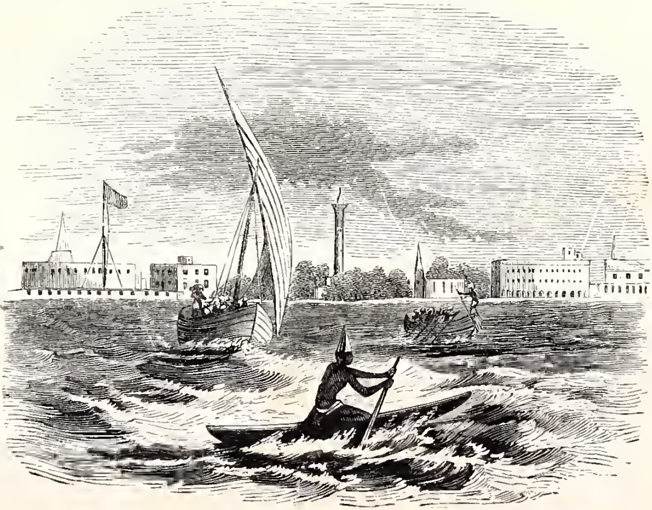
tain, who would not admit that Hindoos could do what he could not, undertook, against the remonstrances of his men, to go ashore in his own boat, and was drowned. If any Yankee mariner is too conceited to accept the services of natives, and their Masulah boat, he, doubtless, will share the same fate."

"Masulah boat! What is that, mother," said Clarence? "What gives it such advantage over other boats?"

"The planks are sewed together with a cord made from the fibre of the cocoa-nut husk. This makes it more yielding, and less likely to break with the force of the waves, than a boat that is fastened together with nails."

"I heard," said Frank, "they called that kind of boat a Catamaran."

"You are thinking of another kind



Dhoney. Catamaran. Masulah-boat.

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of boat, which is smaller and more simple. The natives call it Cottumarum, meaning tied tree or tied wood. We change it to *Catamaran*. In making that, they cut three portions of the trunk of a palmyra tree, one a little longer than the other, and, laying the longest in the middle, so that it will project at the end of the structure as a prow, they lash the three together with ropes. At the stern the three logs lie flat upon the water; at the prow the ends of the outside logs are made sometimes to lie upon the middle log, which makes the prow narrower than the other end of the boat, and causes it to cut the water with less resistance. This is a Catamaran. This boat will endure perhaps beyond any other boat ever constructed. It may be half the time

under water, but it will come to the surface. It may be overturned, but it will right itself. The boatman may be washed off, but he will get on again. When we first saw these boats, we did not see them at all! but saw only the men upon them, and we said, 'If our senses do not deceive us, the natives are walking on the water.'"

"Ah," said Frank, "but you know your senses did deceive you."

"Yes, we were satisfied of that. But how do you think they manage to carry letters and important dispatches from ship to shore, and also from Ceylon to the continent in such a boat without getting them wet?"

"I should think it a hopeless undertaking," said Alice.

"Well, all of you think a minute, and see if you can cóntrive where

they had better put the letters to keep them safe and dry. The boat you know is part of the time quite under water, and the boatmen themselves are liable, not only to be washed by the waves, but to be washed off occasionally."

If there were a hold, they might pack them in that," said Frank.

"If there were a mast, they might tie them to the mast-head," said Alice.

"Strap the letter-bags to the man's shoulders. Then they will not get wet, unless he is actually washed into the sea," said Clarence.

"The man's head is higher than his shoulders," said Emma, "and if he is washed over, he will manage at least to keep his head out of water. Tie them upon his head."

"They plait a high, cone-shaped

cap of the dried leaves of the palm, so close as to be water-tight, and in this they put the letters, and seldom fail to convey them quite dry and safe."

"The pointed cap is the best shape they could have devised," said Emma.

"One of our gentleman's beavers filled with letters," said Frank, "would not keep its place in a gale very well."

"No, and any kind of cap that extended at the sides would be easily puffed off," said Emma.

"Yes, and if he got into the water, it would make it more difficult for the swimmer to keep his head steady."

"I think the natives have a good deal of sense after all," said Clarence.

"Yes, in many things they show both inventive faculty and practical

skill, but these are so cramped and dwarfed through the influence of caste rules, that no advance is made, and the useful arts are in a very rude state among them."

"I liked it out at sea very well, but this lounging in the harbor is a little dull. Can't you hurry ashore, mother, if you please?" said Clarence.

"It had been arranged that we should leave the ship immediately after sunset. We could but feel sad at parting with the ship which for nearly four months had been our home, and where we had met so many new lessons and experiences. We felt a real regard for the sailors, though some of us had never spoken with them. Yet we had seen their faithful performance of those tasks

which kept the ship in trim, and made it a comfortable abode for us, and which, in rough weather, were hourly essential to our safety and life.

"We had been in the same storms, the same calms, the same favoring gales, while all the world besides were shut out. Our anxieties and enjoyments had been in a measure for the while in common. We felt that we were on the same voyage of life with them, and were sailing onward to the same eternity. Our captain, too; we had felt through the voyage, that under God we were in his hands, and he and his officers had showed us no little kindness."

"But how," said Frank, "did you get out of the ship into the boats, mother?"

"I was seated in an arm-chair, and

elevated by ropes over the ship's side, and thus let down to the Masulah boat. As they lifted me from the deck, I looked up for some pleasant object that I could fix my eyes upon when I should have turned my back upon the ship, and should be seated among the native boatmen.

"The lovely new moon was lying low among the bright still clouds in the twilight sky, and seemed sent to cheer us, as we rode over the darkening sea. The boatmen stimulated their exertions by a peculiar kind of song, or rather by repeating in unison a few animating sounds, half sung, half spoken. As we approached the surf, they became vociferous, the captain shouting, and keeping time with his foot, and the men calling Allah! Allah! Allah! as though they were in great

fear. The design probably was, in part, to make an impression upon our nerves.

"When a wave was coming toward shore, they rowed backward, that they might mount it before it broke. It bore us forward with great force and swiftness, and broke in advance of us. After it broke, they put forth all their strength to make the utmost progress before the next wave approached. Now the shouts were renewed, and increased in violence. Suddenly they ceased rowing and laid down their oars, as though they would abandon us to our fate. It was a ruse to induce their passengers to offer a present. There was no help for us, we were in their hands, and a reward was offered, if they would take us safely over the surf without wetting us.

"Their point gained, they resumed their rowing, and shouted most heartily. We could see through the dimness a broad column of natives, which lined the beach. Their clamor rose above the uproar of the surf, and the shouts of the boatmen. Such a jargon of strange sounds can never, doubtless, have been heard before or since. The situation was a little trying to delicate nerves, and, when the boat struck the beach, we were willing to avail ourselves of a ride on native shoulders, through the water, to a spot of firm, dry ground. Dear earth! Did we not press her with loving feet? Were we not almost ready to kiss her? And yet at first she seemed to try to shake us off. Strange mother earth! She would not rock us, as we were used for months previous to

be rocked, and so we thought her unnatural.

"But the clamor about us increased, and worn with fatigue and excitement, we sought a way of escape. A cabman approached, and said adroitly, but in imperfect English, 'Here is Mr. Arbuthnot's carriage, sent for you.'

"Mr. Arbuthnot was a distinguished English merchant, and such an attention could not be slighted. Doubtful though we might be of the truth of the statement, the case did not admit of investigation. The demand of the usual carriage-hire at the end of our drive, made it sufficiently clear."

"Was not that a sharp trick?" said Frank.

"I wonder he didn't drive you into some frightful place, and then demand money to get you out."

"That would have been going too far, as it would have made him liable to punishment. The long established authority of the East India Company secures a good deal of respect for law in Madras."

"What kind of house was it, mother, at which you stopped?" asked Alice.

"It was a large, gloomy-looking place, the first floor of which was not habitable, but appeared to have been occupied for storage, and some kind of work. A cow seemed to have been stabled in one corner of it, and I remember, thinking of an ancient inn in Bethlehem, and of an infant that was cradled in a manger.

"But our missionaries were in pressing need of rest, and a supper. We will leave them to enjoy it, while we return home to find ours."

VII.

MADRAS TO CEYLON.

"ARE you at liberty to-day, mother?" said Frank, after the talks had been interrupted for a few days.

"I hope we may spend an hour or two together this afternoon. But I think our old resort will hardly be a safe place for us to-day."

"Oh, how can we give that up?" said Alice. "I don't know another so pretty spot anywhere as that. What is the difficulty, mamma?"

"We have had so much rainy weather lately, and the land is so low in the Hollow, that the sun of yesterday cannot have dried it sufficiently."

"Shall we go upon the hill-top in the rear of the house, mamma? The sun has access there all day," said Emma.

"Yes," said Alice, "and the south wind was blowing over it all day yesterday. The wind does not reach the Hollow much."

"The seventeen year locusts," said Clarence, "are too thick there. It is so warm there, they like it. The trees are young, and let the sunshine through."

"Mere tall brush, and I am afraid will hardly afford us any shade," said Emma.

"The locusts have almost died off now. I have not heard one sing Pharaoh, to-day," said Frank.

"Mamma, is there any truth in their saying Pharaoh?" asked Clarence.

"As much that as anything, perhaps," said mamma, smiling.

"I know where there is one fine large tree on that hill," said Clarence. "That will give us shade enough."

"But we have no attachments there," said Alice.

"We soon shall have," said Clarence, "if we all sit there together a few times."

So it was decided they should try the hill-top.

On reaching the large tree, it was seen that there were no seats at hand, and it took a little time to find boulders and old bits of stump, and roll them to the place. But Clarence was active and full of resource, and Frank was very ready to lend a hand. Shawls had been brought as usual to serve as cushions.

The spot, though possessing no marked beauties, was charming in its seclusion and quietness. The village lay before them in the valley. The faint tinkle of a bell told where cows were grazing in a distant pasture. A squirrel peered down from the end of a branch, and eyed the little group keenly for an instant, but when Frank whispered, "Look," and touched his mother's arm most cautiously, it turned and whizzed away for its covert. The day was warm, but a mild breeze fanned them now and then.

"I am sure we need not think there is but one pleasant spot in the world," said Alice.

"I should not have thought," said Emma, "of climbing a hill, to look for a retired, lovely place to sit and talk together. A hill is so conspicu-

ous, it seems public when you look at it from below."

"And yet hill-tops are the most unfrequented, secluded spots in the world. Think of the high mountains, whose peaks have never been trodden since the creation. What solitudes unbroken for ages!"

"Mother, you mentioned that you had a sister in India, who went there when you were a child," said Emma.

"Oh, yes, and made a fan for you of albatross' feathers on board ship, and sent it home to you," said Frank.

"Did she never come home again?" asked Alice.

"No, my dear."

"Did she use to write letters to you, when you were a little girl?" asked Clarence.

"Yes, dear, she wrote often to us,

and most interesting letters they were. But in those days it took usually six months, and sometimes two years for letters from India to reach us. Very rarely then an American vessel went to India, and communication through England was subject to much delay."

"It was a great day with us when a letter came. There were usually several sheets of close writing. The whole family would assemble, and my father or one of my brothers would read, while my mother and sisters sat with their sewing and listened. I well remember the tears that, as I sat upon my little foot-stool, I used to see drop upon my mother's work, as she listened to the reading."

"What did she write about, mother?" asked Frank.

"She wrote much about the people

of India, and the boys and girls in the schools. Sometimes about her own comforts or trials. Often about her little children, your cousins. Sometimes she tried to persuade the 'three little girls,' as she called her three youngest sisters, to seek the 'pearl of great price.' Once I remember she said she would be glad to see the 'three little girls,' but would rather see them in India than America."

"And was not grandmamma willing to have her go and live among the heathen, and try to do them good?" asked Frank.

"Certainly, my dear, but she could not help feeling sad, when she thought how far she was from her, and from all her kindred, and that she would probably never see any of us again in this world."

"And wasn't she glad when you set out to go to India, to think she could see one of her sisters again?" asked Clarence.

"No doubt it gave my mother much satisfaction, both on my sister's account, and my own, that I was to go to the same mission where she was."

"Ah! mother," said Clarence, "I begin now to suspect that you did not go to India just to do good. I guess you were a little captivated with the idea of seeing my aunt, and the places and the people that you had heard so much about from her letters."

"And was she living in Madras, mamma, and did the cabman drive you to her house?" asked Frank, eagerly.

"She never lived in Madras, dear, but in Ceylon."

"And you were going to Ceylon, mother, to see her, were you not?" asked Clarence.

"It was to Ceylon we were going, dear. That was the mission to which we were assigned."

"How soon did you go, mother?" asked Emma.

"Did you get there safe, and find my aunt and cousins well?" inquired Alice.

"I cannot tell you about Ceylon now, dear children. I must go back to the ship, and tell you something that happened there. Clarence hurried me ashore, you know," said Mrs. Raymond, with a smile, which however seemed assumed.

"To the ship again, mother?" exclaimed Emma, gloomily; "I thought we were safely ashore."

"Do let us hear about our cousins first, mother," said Clarence.

"We rode at anchor for a day or two. Some of the gentlemen went ashore on Saturday to make arrangements for our landing. We were a large company, eleven of us, to find a temporary home where there were no hotels. Rooms had to be rented, and a little furniture got together sufficient to enable us to keep house for a short time. They were gone a long while, and it began to be evident that we must spend the Sabbath on shipboard.

"One of the ladies, Mrs. W. and I were speaking of my pleasant anticipation of meeting relatives, when the song of the native boatmen announced the return of the gentlemen, who had been ashore. 'Oh!' said she, 'if I

were going to my brother!' 'I think,' continued she, 'it would be worth more to me than your going to your sister, because I have been always with him.' 'I don't know how much more that would be worth to you, but I know this is enough for me,' I exclaimed exultingly, as I hurried upon deck to learn what word had come from shore.

"At the top of the companion-way, I met our captain B., and as I asked for the news, I saw that something affected him deeply. Is he so very sad, thought I, because he must part with his passengers? But no, I knew that could not be all. I passed out on deck, and asked again for the tidings. One of the gentlemen sighed heavily as he took my hand. Ah! he has seen so much of the condition of the poor hea-

then, said I mentally, my light-heartedness is discordant with his feelings. The other passed without speaking, and both descended to the cabin. 'Surely there is trouble,' I thought, and without conjecturing what or whose it was, I instinctively withdrew to my state-room, to ask for whoever might need it, grace to bear sorrow and profit by it. Soon, as the missionaries conversed in the adjoining cabin, I heard my name mentioned, and my first thought was, 'Have I done anything to grieve them?' In a moment after, your father entered the state-room and informed me that my sister was dead."

"Oh! mother," said Frank.

"Is it possible?" said Clarence.

"I was afraid it would be so," said Emma.

"How sad!" exclaimed Alice.

For a little while, no one felt like breaking the silence that followed. By-and-bye Clarence said,

"Mother, were you not sorry that you went?"

"Far from it, my love. I felt disappointed indeed. My admiration of my sister, and recollections of her loving care of my early childhood, made me long to see her, and her dear family.

"Besides I had thought much of having her example and experience to guide me in that strange land, and in my new work. But I felt that God knew best."

"Had it ever occurred to you that such a thing could happen, mother?" asked Emma.

"Yes, dear, whenever I thought of

meeting my sister, I always checked myself, or perhaps I should say, was checked with the thought that she might not be there when I reached her home. These thoughts, though they clouded some pleasant anticipations, doubtless made the shock less, when it came."

"But if you could only have heard of it, before leaving America," said Alice. "Then it would not have been so hard to bear."

"I heard of it at the best time, my child. Had the news come when I was bidding adieu to all my friends, the effect would perhaps have been too depressing. It came just when there was danger of my being too much elated. Everything is indeed for the best for us, if we put our trust in God."

"Did grandmamma know about it?" asked Emma.

"She heard of it a week after we sailed."

"It had never occurred to me that I should not find my sister's family, where I had always pictured them, in Oodooville. Against the idea I almost rebelled. But her family too, her husband and three little daughters were gone, and could not be recalled. They had touched at Madras on their way to America, and left there only three days before our arrival."

"And mother, did you think that too was ordered right?" asked Emma.

"I did after a while, though at first I could not believe it must be so. It seemed as though it could be countermanded in some way; as though it could not be, but that there was some

mistake. In short my mind was not prepared for it."

"It seems to me, mother, I shall never dare to expect any pleasure, everything is so uncertain," said Clarence.

"Everything is uncertain, except what rests on the word of God."

"But, mother," said Alice, "God has not told us what is going to happen to us in this life."

"Therefore, as Clarence says, everything in this life is uncertain, and cannot be depended on."

"But, mamma, can we never have any hopes or expectations?" asked Emma. "Why, I think it the best part of life."

"We may, dear, have hopes and expectations, and enjoy much in them, but living too much in the future, of-

ten makes people inattentive to the duties, and insensible to the mercies of the present, and a sense of our liability to disappointment, helps to counteract this evil."

"People would be always unhappy, if they were always expecting disappointment and sorrow," said Emma.

"To expect sorrow is one thing," replied her mother, "to be conscious that it may come, is another. The one awakens fear, the other only moderates expectation."

"But, mother, to enjoy the hope of a thing, I have to banish all thought that it may fail."

"That is, you have to blind yourself to a known fact."

"True, mother, otherwise I cannot expect fully and joyfully."

"But suppose you knew that you

would have the thing desired, or something else equally desirable."

"That would be quite satisfactory," said Emma.

"*That* every one may expect with certainty of not being disappointed, if he trusts 'not in uncertain' good, 'but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.'"

"How, mother?"

"Are we not assured that having not withheld his own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, He will with Him also freely give us all things? That 'no good thing will He withhold,' and that all things work together for good to those who love Him."

"From these assurances we know, if He withholds anything, that it was not really for our good, and that the

withholding shall work for good. The withholding in that case is more desirable for us than the granting. So if we trust in Him who knows better than we, and who loves us with a truer love than we bear for ourselves, we are sure of having the thing we wish, or that which is more desirable. I assure you this feeling makes expectation cheerful, and also makes disappointment tolerable."

"Mother, did you continue your voyage to Ceylon, immediately?" asked Emma.

"After about three weeks."

"Will you go on now," said Alice, "and tell us about your voyage from Madras to Ceylon?"

"There was not much of incident in it, dear. Still, we will talk it over a little."

"And where are we now, mamma?" said Frank.

"Sitting at the top of Woody-slope," said Clarence, thinking that an agreeable and suitable name would facilitate the friendship which he proposed to cultivate with this new locality.

"Mamma understands me," said Frank, gravely.

"I think we must consider ourselves now just seated in a native dhoney, about leaving Madras for the island of Ceylon."

"Our boat, I think, is rather roughly furnished," said Clarence, looking down at the splintery fragment of a tree-trunk, on which he sat.

"You must not expect modern improvements in a Madras dhoney," replied his mother.

"Your state-room is partitioned off, and roofed in, with dried cocoa-nut leaves, and has for its floor loose boards laid across the freight boxes, which occupy the bottom of the boat. Your mattrass will just cover the dimensions of your state-room floor at night, and in the day, rolled up, will serve instead of a chair."

"Is there no deck, then, in those dhonies, mother?" asked Clarence.

"Not in all of them."

"Suppose you ship a sea," said Frank.

"You must 'Hope for the best,' and if the worst comes, 'Make the best of it,'" said Alice.

"Well done, Alice," said Frank.

"And how long will it take us to go to Ceylon, sailing in this Hindoo dhoney?" asked Emma.

"About three days, with favorable weather."

"Where shall we land?" inquired Alice.

"At a small island called Kaits, which is at the entrance of a narrow channel, that cuts off the northern part of Ceylon from the main island."

"The dhoney we are in, which is one of the largest native vessels, cannot navigate the channel."

"We reached Kaits on Sunday morning, and as the dhoney we were in was too large to navigate the channel, we rode at anchor there till Monday morning."

"I have heard," said Emma, "that it is very uncomfortable riding at anchor, more so than sailing."

"It is so. When you are sailing, the force of the wind generally coun-

teracts the force of the waves, and keeps the ship from rocking so much as when you are at anchor."

"Then, why did you not go on shore immediately, mamma? I am sure you could have spent the Sabbath better on shore," said Alice.

"True, we might have spent it more comfortably, and perhaps more profitably on shore, but it would have been as much to the disadvantage of others, as to our advantage. To reach our destination we should have been obliged first to call our dhoney-men to take us in a small dhoney to the shore, and then to call a large number of palankeen bearers and coolies to convey us on their shoulders, or by hand bandies to our several stopping-places. All this could not have been done without disturbing and burdening

many persons, to say nothing of the excitement it would have stirred among the natives in the different villages through which we had to pass, to hear that new missionaries had come, or of the derangement of the duties of the holy day in all the mission families, to which we were destined."

"I fear," said Emma, "I should not have taken all this into account. I should have said, 'Here are a number of very uncomfortable people, and it must be right for them to go as quickly as possible to some place of quiet rest.'"

"Is it not a common proverb, mamma," asked Alice, 'Do duty, and leave consequences with God?'"

"It is my dear, and a very good maxim too, but it is often misused,

like almost all proverbs. They are applied with so little judgment as perhaps to do as much harm as good. You must consider that the first thing is to find what duty is, and this can be ascertained in many cases only by the consequences that will follow.

"It was near noon of Monday before our little boat was well under way. A screen of cocoa-nut leaves was stretched over the boat, too low to allow of our standing up under it. There was room to stow eleven of us on the seats with our feet resting on our trunks. We were poled along, as the channel was too shallow to allow of rowing.

"We had gone some miles, when a little boat put out from shore, and two of the missionaries from the island soon paddled along side. They were

the Rev. Messrs. Poor and Woodward, both of whom have long since gone to their blessed home above. Immediately after the first welcome, Mr. Poor said, 'I wish to give you your first lesson in Tamil, and then made each one of us pronounce after him the Tamil word "chinakum" which means 'love.' Mr. Woodward then said he wished to prefix a word to that, and gave us 'chakothara' meaning brotherly. Thus we were taught that missionaries considered *Brotherly Love* the starting point in our work among the Tamil people.

"We landed at Jaffna, the seat of the English Government for North Ceylon, and after a most cordial welcome from the English missionaries, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. George, and a refreshing cup of tea, I was taken in

a palankeen to Oodooville. Never shall I forget the first twinkle of the lamp, which told me Oodooville was near. A few of the school girls had been sent outside the gate by Mrs. Spaulding to meet me. Nor shall I ever forget the tender greeting that dear missionary friend gave. It was truly a loving, sympathizing sister's welcome.

"The conversation had been a long one. Yet as they rose to begin their walk homeward, they could not help lingering to admire the scene. The ranges of hill, which rose, one beyond another, between them and the bright western sky, were thrown into strong relief by the side-long rays, which glanced athwart them from the declining sun. Every rock and tree and knoll and dwelling of the low land,

even every twig and leaf seemed to stand out from its surroundings as the eye turned towards it, as though conscious that the sun was shining to reveal it only. The homes of the neighbors, with each its little lawn, its garden, its piazza, its rustic seats, glowing in sunlight, or half hid in shade, gave hints of rural taste and industry and thrift and social enjoyment."

"Mother," said Emma, "is there so much beauty anywhere else as here?"

"Yes, dear, everywhere. I mean in all parts of the earth; where there are human eyes to gaze on, and admire it, where there are multitudes of human eyes that never notice it, and where the face of nature turns only to its Maker, and He only sees that it is very good."

"We gaze with delight on our

lovely hills and valleys and winding streams and falling waters. The quiet lake mirrors the moon-beam, and the river bears us on its flowing bosom. The wooded hill-side shows its wealth of foliagè, and the towering mountain leads our eyes towards heaven. The sun yields us warmth, and reveals to us all beauty; and shady grove, and fanning breeze and cooling showers refresh us. Music of birds, and hum of insects, and sounds of winds and showers, all the sweet harmonies of nature's mingling orchestra, charm our ears.

"We think perhaps, 'This is a Christian land, this the beautiful home, which the Maker has formed for us, his living children.'

"But did not the same forests wave in the sunshine, the same streamlets

tumble from the hills, when the savage roamed over them? Did not the same moon beam gently on him, and the same waters float his bark? Did not the same birds waken sweet music in his ear, and the same breeze fan him?

"This world was not made for angels, but for sinful man, and yet, how full of charms! Kindly skies bend over heads darkened by ignorance, and maddened by vice, and fruitful soils, and rocks full of gold and silver and precious gems uphold the feet that wander from their Maker, and trample alike on his laws and his love.

"If this beautiful world is the home of those who turn their back upon its Creator, if its teeming riches are for rebels, what must be the delight of that reception, which awaits those who

return humble, penitent, submissive to his kind embrace! What the charms of that abode, which is prepared for those that love Him."

The little party had reached the foot of the hill, and now moved quietly along the retired road, which led to their home. Their residence in this pleasant village was early brought to a close, and whether in their new home, the conversations were resumed, and carried forward the account of the life in India is not yet ascertained.

THE END.